

# SAINT PAULS.

MAY, 1869.

## THE SACRISTAN'S HOUSEHOLD.

A STORY OF LIPPE-DETMOLD.

### CHAPTER XXXII.

#### ON THE BELFRY.

THE "raw recruit" had not long to wait for an opportunity of testing his fancy that he should like to be sentry on the lonely tower. He was told off for that duty the same night. Midnight sounded with a thin jangling voice from the belfry of the church at Goldenau, as Otto Hemmerich, having toiled up the winding, narrow stone staircase, stepped out upon the roof, prepared to watch through his term of sentinel duty in the dark solitude. Under his feet was the leaden roof, weather-scarred and stained. The platform whereon he could pace was rectangular and very limited. It was bounded on the outer side by a low parapet, scarcely reaching to his knee as he stood. From the centre of the square tower sprang a tapering spire, which rose to no great height, and was surmounted by a creaking weathercock of gilded copper. Thus, whoso ventured to climb the steep winding stair, and issue forth on to the roof of the belfry by a low strait doorway, found himself on the narrow strip of leaden roofing which surrounded the spire. To the summit of the spire itself there was no interior way of arriving.

One, two, three, and so on up to twelve, sounded the bell below. The bell which was the clock's voice, hung nearly ten feet lower than the summit of the tower. Its tone was, as I have said, thin and jangling; yet more thin and jangling were the bells which chimed the quarters;—ting tang, ting tang, ting tang, ting tang,—like the querulous voice of an old man. Thus they sounded to one listening down in the village. Heard nearer,—in the belfry itself,—they had more resonance; and there remained, after the clappers had ceased to swing, a long quivering vibration, which seemed to quiver in the

very core of the ancient stone-work, and the mouldering beams, and the dry cracked tiling.

Otto stood by the parapet looking to the south-east, as the last hum of the twelfth stroke died away in his ear. The night was dark and moonless;—too dark for it to be possible to see the landscape stretching far below. It was warm, too, as it had been all day; although at that height, and in the near neighbourhood of the range of the Riesen-yebirge, there was not wanting a certain freshness in the air. All below was dark and blank. Only straining his eyes as they grew used to the dimness, Otto could discern a faint, steely gleam from the river, looking as though some soldier had dropped his bright bayonet upon the peaceful meadows. Here and there a blacker spot gloomed mysteriously; and that he knew was thick tufty woodland. Not a light shone from the village; not a footstep sounded in its straggling street.

Above was the midnight sky, dark and unfathomable. A few stars were scattered over its wide expanse, but these few were not brilliant. There seemed to be a veil of mist over the heavens; and on the horizon, motionless masses of heavy cloud hung dreamlike. Otto leaned his back against the central spire for a moment, and gazed through the darkness. It seemed at first to press palpably upon his vision, as when one opens one's eyelids in water. How still and peaceful it all was! If presently yonder bank of cloud so low in the west should be riven by the lightning of a cannonade! How would the sleeping hamlet wake and cry aloud! how would the bugle sound, and the drum roll ominously, and the horses' hoofs strike fiery sparks from the road-flints! how would the bayonets clash, and the swords rattle, and the tramp of men walking steadily and in order, to meet their fate, sound with a dull, resolute thud through the valley, and grow fainter in the distance! "But there is no chance of that, to-night," thought Otto. "Next week, they say, we are to move onward into Bohemia, and I may smell powder after another fashion than in a battue in the Detmold woods." And then he commenced to pace up and down with soldierly regularity.

One o'clock; half-past one; two. Well, it was lonely up there, after all. Far away to the northward, a dog began to bark in some farmstead, and was answered by another yet more distant. Otto listened to their hoarse voices, and was almost sorry when they ceased. The silence seemed yet more silent than before. He thought of a certain September day, when he was a school-boy, and made holiday in the woods. He and two schoolfellows had passed the whole afternoon under the leafy arcades of the forest. And such store of woodland treasure as they returned to Horn with, had never been seen!—half-ripe nuts;—a deserted bird's nest;—some curious orchids;—a load of juicy, crushed blackberries, wherewith irreparable damage was done in the way of stains; and the most delightful

collection of rough sticks and dry twigs, intended for some elaborate construction which never got itself constructed!

"I suppose it was the dog's barking set me thinking of that day," said Otto. "I remember a great mastiff at a Jäger's cottage where we asked for a drink of milk, gave us a good fright with his terrible deep voice. But he soon made friends, poor beast. I wonder how Lehmann's old Schnurr is!" "Ting tang; ting tang; ting tang;"—a quarter to three! Swoop came a sudden gust of wind, and wailed for a minute or two through the loop-holes and crannies of the spire, and the weathercock creaked up aloft, complainingly. Then the atmosphere grew dead calm. It was darker than ever. The sun would rise at about a quarter to four. Otto knew that. He knew, also, that according to the saying, "it is always the darkest the hour before day." In little more than an hour would come daylight and his release together. Hark! What was that sound, rising upward from the village? That was surely the roll of a drum! A single horse clattered up the street. Then there was a bugle-call, distinctly audible in the motionless air. Lights twinkled in more than one casement. What was going on? The idea of a sudden night-attack by the enemy came into the head of the solitary sentinel watching from the tower; but after a while he dismissed it. There was no sharp crack of a rifle-volley, no crashing of a body of cavalry, no heavy artillery rumbling over the roads. Neither were any voices to be heard, such as would have arisen from the terrified villagers in such a circumstance as that of their home being suddenly turned into a battle-ground.

Otto knelt down, and leaning his chin on the parapet, listened intently. Surely men were gathering on the open space around the tower. Yes; more and more distinctly he could hear the sound of footsteps. Then another sharp, sudden roll of drums, startling the echoes far and wide. Again a momentary silence. A loud, clear voice giving out the word of command, "Mar-r-r-ch!" the measured tramp of feet, growing fainter as it receded from the village; doors and casements closed with a rattling noise; then again profound, and, thenceforward, unbroken silence. "Strange!" thought Otto, as he rose from his knees, after some time. "They must be sending a detachment on towards the frontier. And yet we were so few here, I wonder that they thought it well to divide so small a body." As he turned to resume his march, the first streaks of dawn broke through the darkness in the east, and some birds began to stir in their nests amidst the stone-work of the steeple.

It was chill and raw up there aloft, and Otto began to sympathise with his comrade, who had gone straightway to the Schenke, or village tavern, on being relieved from his term of solitary imprisonment as sentry on the belfry tower. "Ting tang; ting tang; ting tang; ting tang;"—four o'clock in the morning! Cocks were crowing lustily down below. The swallows were all alive, and darted hither

and thither through the fast brightening sky. The chattering of garrulous daws grew more and more voluble, as they flew with busy, flapping wing in and out of their haunts on the spire.

Silver-grey; rose colour; glowing purple and crimson; bright, gorgeous, dazzling gold! There was the sun at last, burnishing the old copper weather-cock into temporary brilliancy, and making the river,—steely pale erewhile,—flash and flow like molten silver. Why in Heaven's name,—or in some other name less speakable,—did they not come to relieve guard? There was Otto, however, and there it behoved him to remain. His duty was clear; and from a duty that was clear, he had never flinched. It might be that he should judge amiss what was his duty; it might easily be that passion, or prejudice, or the strain of family obstinacy which he shared with his uncle, the sacristan, should make him fail to see the right course to take occasionally; but in circumstances where obedience was clearly a duty, and the precision of a military command left no doubt as to the nature of the obedience required, Otto Hemmerich might safely be trusted to hold to the right with unconquerable tenacity.

It was full, broad day. The old clock reported the hour to be half-past six. The good people of Goldenau were stirring about their daily employments. A great portion of the highway to the village could be seen from the belfry. Here and there its dusty line disappeared, winding between rocks or skirting some swelling hill, crowned by an ancient Schloss, bosomed amid trees. But on as much of the road as could be seen, broad-wheeled Saxon carts were to be discerned moving heavily and steadily along, piled with fresh hay or other country produce. The mowers were a-field, cottagers were working in their little gardens, cattle and sheep destined for the Prussian commissariat were being driven on towards Goldenau; but neither in the near streets and lanes, nor on the distant road, could Otto discern a glimpse of a soldier's uniform. Not a dark-blue coat was to be seen anywhere. What did it mean? What could have become of all his comrades?

On the other hand, there was an unusual gathering of the burghers on the Platz around the tower. Otto's keen eyes could plainly see the gestures and the expression of their faces, and he observed that he himself was obviously the subject of some discussion among them; for every now and then an old, stout, stolid-looking man, whom he recognised as the Burgomaster of the place, raised his arm and pointed upward to where the Prussian sentry's form was sharply relieved against the sky on the summit of the belfry tower. A faint suspicion of the truth began to dawn in Otto's mind. He examined his cartridge-box, and made sure that his Zündnadelgewehr was in good working order. Then he stood quite still, waiting for what should come next.



What did come next was that the Burgomaster advanced singly from the little crowd of men, on whose skirts a number of women and children were by this time hovering, and putting his hollowed hands to his mouth, bellowed out a long speech, addressed to Otto upon the tower. The long speech had the effect of making the stout Burgomaster very red in the face, and of exciting very evident approbation amongst his fellow-Goldenauers; but, farther than that, it produced no result whatever. For partly the greatness of the distance, and partly the South German accent, still strange in Otto's ears, and partly the fact that the Burgomaster appeared to be under the impression that if he did but bawl out the vowels loud and long enough, the consonants were of no importance to his speech, rendered what he said unintelligible to the person addressed.

Otto shook his head and touched his ears, to signify that he could not hear, and then stood still again. Upon this, the Burgomaster, after giving an angry shrug at the deplorable waste of his eloquence, beckoned, and waved his arms with an imperious gesture of command, importing that the sentry was at once to descend from the altitude of the tower, and appear in his, the great man's, presence on terra firma. To this Otto vouchsafed no kind of reply, but shouldered his rifle, and coolly resumed his march up and down on the leaden roof. Coolly in appearance, that is to say; for, as may be imagined, his position was not a pleasant one, and he had shrewd misgivings that it would rapidly become decidedly unpleasant. Two things were clear to him. Firstly, that the detachment of Prussians had left Goldenau; and, secondly, that the inhabitants of the place did not expect them to return. Otherwise, the Burgomaster's swelling port would undoubtedly have been modified. How or why his comrades had gone; whether they had remembered the sentinel on the belfry, and purposely left him there, intending to return; or whether, in the hurry of a night alarm, they had forgotten his existence, and were now in the thick of some hot skirmish with the foe, he could not tell. It might be that a detachment of Austrians had made a dash northward and westward from Benedek's head-quarters at Pardubitz, and that the small number of troops in Goldenau had been sent for to reinforce some threatened outpost. In brief, there was a wide field for conjecture, both as to the fate of his comrades and the intentions of the Goldenauers towards himself. It was well that his course appeared clear in the matter, and that he needed no long time to decide upon what he would do, for this is what happened as soon as the Burgomaster and the assembled crowd on the Platz clearly perceived, by the sentry's resumption of his march up and down, that he intended to pay no attention to their summons. First the great man drew back a little from the foot of the tower, and there gathered around him a group of the chief inhabitants of the place,—the miller, the innkeeper, the principal farmer, the owner

of a linen factory in the neighbourhood, and so on,—who forthwith entered into an animated discussion, as far as could be gathered by their gestures. Then the Burgomaster, being apparently urged into the van by those behind him, advanced with stately, although rather slow, footsteps to the postern-door which gave access to the winding staircase of the tower. Otto peeped over his parapet, and saw the Burgomaster enter, followed by four or five other men. The rest remained on the Platz, where their numbers were momentarily increased by fresh arrivals,—mowers, scythe in hand; haymakers, with their rakes; carters; cattle-drivers, armed with long, formidable-looking whips and goads; and a miscellaneous army of old persons, women, and children, who all gazed up at the “*Preusse*” with strong interest and curiosity.

Otto was quite uncertain what would be the nature of the colloquy he was now to hold with the authorities of Goldenau, but he opined that it would probably not be a pacific one. Strict orders had been given to the invading troops on entering Saxony to respect the property and persons of the inhabitants, and these orders Otto was as little likely as any man in the Prussian ranks to disobey. But he would defend himself to the uttermost, and had no more idea of abandoning his post on the belfry without due authority from his superiors than a captain has of deserting the deck of his vessel. So he fixed his bayonet firmly, looked to the priming of his piece and set himself with his back to the steeple, and exactly facing the low doorway which gave access to the roof of the tower.

“There’s no hurry,” he told himself, “for the Burgomaster is in the van, and it will take him some time to climb all those steps, even if he does not stick by the way in the narrow staircase.” In a few minutes he could hear the panting and puffing of the stout Burgomaster, and the sound of his footsteps scraping heavy and springless on the stone steps. Quick as lightning Otto sprang to the doorway, pulled open the heavy oaken door, which opened outward, and remained with fixed bayonet directed towards the winding staircase.

“Yield, Prussian!” cried the Burgomaster, huskily. He was not yet in sight, being hidden by a turn of the stairs.

“Who goes there?” answered Otto. “Speak, or I fire!”

“In Gottes Namen, don’t fire! don’t fire!” There was a hustling noise on the steps, and a thud as of some heavy body coming violently in contact with the wall.

“Potztausend!” exclaimed the voice of one in acute pain. “You have crushed my foot, Herr Bürgermeister! Let me go on if you’re afraid. I’ll tackle him!” Thereupon the head and shoulders of the miller of Goldenau appeared in the open doorway.

“Go back there, unless you want my bayonet in your body! Back, I say!” Otto made so threatening and resolute an advance, that the miller withdrew in his turn, though much less precipitately

than his predecessor, and remained on a lower step, so that his flour-dusted head alone was visible from the door on the roof.

"Come, sentry," said the miller, "don't be a fool! We have something to say to you. You can't refuse to listen."

"I don't know that. You have no business to talk to a sentry on guard. And for that matter, you have no business here at all."

"Perhaps you are not aware of one circumstance," said the miller, with something like a sneer; "namely, that your friends have abandoned you here altogether. The Prussians are off southward. The detachment that was here has joined the outpost at Zischen, and they're all on the march into Bohemia together, where, I fancy," he added, "Benedek will give them a warm reception."

"Enough talk! I have nothing to say to you."

"Indeed! But I have something to say to you. You are our prisoner."

"Pooh!"

The Burgomaster's voice was heard from the lower steps, coming muffled by the thick wall. "Halloa, there! Is that Prussian rascal to keep us here all day? Why don't you bring him down?"

"He won't come."

"Won't come? Nonsense! Drag him down!"

"Would you like to try it, Herr Bürgermeister?"

"The first man who advances within three steps of the doorway I will send my bayonet into," said Otto.

The miller redescended to his friends. The position was rather difficult. The staircase wound like a corkscrew, and was very narrow withal; so that it was impossible to advance up it otherwise than in single file. Now although en masse the Goldenauers were exceedingly anxious to perform the glorious exploit of taking a prisoner of war, no man was to be found willing to risk his individual life in the attempt. "It would be useless for a broad-built man like myself, to venture up into the clutches of the verruchter Kerl," said the Burgomaster, looking wistfully at the spare figure of a man in the rear. "But if any light, slim, agile person were to make one spring,—one sudden spring,—so as to take the 'Preusse' off his guard, I have no doubt the fellow would be captured easily,—quite easily."

There was a dead pause. All at once the tavern-keeper made a brilliant suggestion. Why should they not reduce the enemy by famine? If he could be brought down by no other means, they had but to leave him for a short time without meat or drink, and he would be starved into submission. The idea was received with enthusiasm by all save the Burgomaster, who having firmly established the position that it was out of the question for him to be the man to do it, was extremely anxious that a dashing capture should be made, which might cover Goldenau with glory. However, it was resolved that the contumacious sentry should be informed that he

would remain aloft there without a bit or drop until such time as he chose to submit himself to the civic authorities, and deliver up his needle-gun into their hands. The miller again volunteered to be the spokesman, and cautiously climbed up the stairs to within the distance the "Preusse" had prescribed, namely, three steps below the doorway.

Otto listened with grave and silent attention to the decision of the council of war. Then, after a short pause of deliberation, he made answer thus;—"I'm right sorry to find the Goldenauers showing such a bad spirit, and being so blind to which is the good side for the cause of Fatherland. Also I think it my duty to warn you that this trick of yours may have unpleasant consequences to yourselves when my comrades come to relieve me;—as of course they will. For you are much mistaken if you suppose that a Prussian commander means to abandon one of the king's soldiers in that fashion." Though he spoke thus stoutly, Otto was far from being so assured on the subject as he seemed, feeling a considerable misgiving that he had been altogether forgotten. "But as to your threat of starving me out, that's all nonsense. I have a good supply of cartridges; I am a good shot; this tower commands the Platz and all the little lanes leading to it; and unless I am fed,—and well fed,—I swear to you solemnly that I will pick off every human being who approaches within a hundred yards of the well yonder to draw water. Bitte, deliver that message as my answer to the Burgomaster, and try to persuade him that I mean what I say."

How can I describe the ludicrously chapfallen aspect of the miller of Goldenau as he listened to these bold, resolute words? How picture the dismay of the others when he made it clear to their minds that the devilish cunning of the detested "Preusse" had baffled their plans? How convey an idea of the bitterness of spirit wherein they finally resolved to send three daily meals to the voracious enemy, hovering, as the Burgomaster finely put it, like a bird of rapine above the heads of the community? With what words can I paint the virulence of the contest which immediately arose as to who was to pay for feeding him? Nay; these things must be left to the imagination of the reader.

But one fact I have to chronicle. When the quality, quantity, and price of the sentry's meals had been settled,—the deliberations being hastened by the shrill importunities of all the women in Goldenau, who had somehow got wind of the matter, and who would rather, so they said, feed twenty Prussians than expose the lives of their husbands and children, not to mention their own,—there remained to decide who should carry them to him. Then upspoke a little brown-faced, flaxen-haired orphan boy of ten years old.

"Let me go! I know yon 'Preusse.' I put flowers in his gun yesterday. He swore at us; but he was right friendly. Let me

go! I want to see the top of the tower. Fritz says there are daws' nests there." So little Augustin was deputed to carry the food, and I have reason to know that he was permitted to inspect the daws' nests.\*

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

## THE MAJOR'S PERPLEXITIES.

THE Land-steward von Groll had, as Liese wrote to her lover, paid a visit to Lehmann's farm, and had learned from the farmer the story,—as far as the latter was acquainted with it,—of Liese's ill-fated mother. Averse as Franz Lehmann usually was to speaking on the subject, the Major had convinced him that his inquiries were dictated solely by a desire to do right and justice. And Franz had confided to him what all the Justizrath's cunning had failed to extract.

The circumstances which had led the farmer to adopt Lieschen were soon explained. "My poor cousin had disappeared from our knowledge for many a long day," said Franz, winding up a long-winded, rambling recital, which the Major had listened to with imperturbable, mild patience. "Her poor old mother was dead, and the few friends she had had were beginning to forget all about the most beautiful, winning, sweet-tempered maiden that ever drew breath in the Principality, when one day I got a letter from Hanover. The letter was written by a stranger to me, and it said that a woman was lodging in the writer's house who was very ill,—dying they supposed. She had not been able to pay rent for a long, long time, but they had not turned her out of doors, she being a gentle creature, and industrious when she could get work to do, and had strength to do it. Now finding her grown so weak, the people of the house had urged her to name some relation or friend whom they could apply to on her behalf. She cried and sobbed, and said there was no one left who would care for her, and it would be best for every one when she was dead and gone. But then they had bade her think of her little helpless child, and told her plainly that they believed she had no time to lose in finding some care and shelter for the little one. They were poor folks themselves, with a large family, and could not keep her. Then my cousin had named my name, and said she believed I would accept the trust, and that if she could know that her child was in my care, she should die easier in her mind. Well, you may be sure I lost no time in setting off for Hanover when I got the letter. But it was winter time, and the roads were bad, and the rough weather that made me travel slowly, made death travel the quicker, and,—it was all over when I got there. I found Lieschen, a fair, frightened-looking, brown-eyed mite of a child, sitting beside the poor bed in a garret in the roof of one of them

\* The foregoing incident really occurred in the German war of 1866.

tall old gable-ended houses in Hanover that you likely have seen, gnädiger Herr. She had her tiny hand clasped round her mother's dead hand; and which was the coldest of the two, I'll swear you couldn't have told. For there was neither stove nor fuel in the place, and that with six inches of snow on the ground, and the wind cutting like a scythe! The woman of the house had wrapped a big shawl around the child, but the little one had refused to move from her mother's side. As long as they let her sit there, she was quiet and mute, but when they tried to take her away, she wailed and screamed so, that for peace and quietness-sake and to save themselves trouble, they left the babe freezing there in the garret. She looked like a little snow image, for all the world, when I went in and found her there.

"There was scarce anything left to judge by, of my poor cousin's history all the time between her leaving home and her death. But I knew enough to know that there could be little comfort in knowing more. It's true that her old mother to the last persisted in it that the poor lass was married. But, ach Gott, gnädiger Herr! you and I know the world better. She had been the victim of one of them selfish villains that are enough to make a man——! Well, there's no use in talking of it! And he had left her to die in that way. She had parted with nearly all her clothing the Hanover people told me. Ach! and if you had but seen her in her happy days! She was just like a June rose fresh blown, that's what she was. So bright-tempered, too, and gay, and cheerful! Little Liese,—God bless her!—is a sweet, pretty, gentle maiden, but she hasn't the bloom of beauty that used to make her poor mother a joy for the eyes to rest upon. And yet she's wondrous like her mother, too. I often think that those hours the little one passed in the cold garret with her mother's dead icy hand in hers, have put a mark on her somehow for life. Like as though,—if you can fancy such a thing,—a little pink rose-bud had been taken and clutched by a cruel spring frost, that didn't kill it, but just froze all the colour out of it, and left it as white as a lily for evermore. Mayhap, too, the mother's sorrows helped to sadden the babe, and make her timid and still. Ach, gnädiger Herr, 'twas a bad, bad man who could have the heart to do all that evil, and leave the weak girl to bear the brunt!"

"It was a bad, bad man who could do so," assented the Major solemnly. "And you never knew his name?"

"I knew the name he went by when he enticed the luckless lass away, but folks said it was not his own. He called himself Herr Ernst,—Ludwig Ernst. I was told he was a nobleman, and that such great folks often enough go about the world under a false name. It seems a strange custom to me. Not but what I understand very well that they may sometimes have good reason for being ashamed of their own names,—no offence, gnädiger Herr."

"Tell me, friend, your cousin's religion,—what was it?"

"Why," answered Franz, a good deal surprised by the question, "she was brought up a Roman Catholic. Her father had been one before her. And when trouble came, there were some who held to it that the girl went wrong because of not being taught the Reformed Faith. But, Lord, Herr Major, I don't think it! Time enough to crow over our neighbours when we Lutherans have quite left off doing evil ourselves. And that's the answer I always make to such uncharitable sour-minded talk." Then little Lieschen had arrived from the sacristan's cottage, and the Major had seen her, and had ridden away from the farm with a very grave downcast face.

He rode on for several miles still very grave and very downcast. Not only had the pitiful story which the farmer had told him touched his heart,—not an untender heart, for all his leathern exterior,—but it had perplexed his brain. The Fates were treating the poor Major hardly. To some men,—to the Justizrath, for example,—the unravelling of such a tangled story would have been positively enjoyable. But, as has been said, to Major von Groll thinking was a distasteful process. He did not like it, and it wearied him exceedingly. The *hochwohlgeborne* gentleman was greatly shocked at the idea that his wife's brother could have been guilty of such cold-blooded baseness as the abandonment to want and misery of the girl who had loved and trusted him. For it was almost impossible to doubt that Liese Lehmann was the daughter of the original of that portrait which he, the Major, had found so carefully treasured in the baron's ebony cabinet. Her resemblance to the picture was marvellous. The Major had not shown it to Franz Lehmann.

The farmer would doubtless have recognised his beautiful cousin, but how was the Major to account to him for the possession of the portrait? It would have been highly disagreeable to have to relate the story of that strange death-bed in Bohemia, and still more painful to end the narration by confessing that the "selfish villain," the mention of whom even after all these years brought a fierce angry light into Franz's blue eyes, was no other than the noble wealthy Baron Dornberg, brother to the equally noble high-born dame von Groll. And yet if honour and duty required it, Ferdinand von Groll was quite ready to make such a confession. "*Noblesse oblige*" was no empty flourish to the Major. He believed it.

This interview with Franz Lehmann had taken place about the 12th of June, although the news of it did not reach Otto until the 25th. Some days following it the Justizrath appeared at Major von Groll's, with various eloquent reasons in his mouth why, if the Major really intended to set off for Saxony, it would be well that he should lose no more time before his departure. Only the Justizrath feared it would be necessary for the Major to send in his formal



resignation of the post of Land-steward to the Prince of Detmold before setting off for the Dornberg estates. The Justizrath "feared" this, because such a step would seem so like losing his good friend for ever. And the prince, too!—the Justizrath so entirely sympathised with the chagrin the Prince would feel when it was made known to him that Major von Groll would cease to be numbered amongst his Highness's most able and most devoted officials! Still painful as it was to von Schleppers to contemplate the impending separation from his friend, the gist of the Justizrath's remarks was that the sooner von Groll went, the better.

"Well, I will see about it. If nothing unforeseen happens, I will write the resignation next week," said the Major. But more than this the gnädige Frau his wife could not induce him to promise.

"I declare I long to be out of the place, Ferdinand," said that lady.

"Well, I don't know, Amalia," responded her husband; "there are worse places to live in than little Detmold. For my own part I shall miss the grand woods and the hunting a good deal. And I thought you liked the place, too, my dear. The people have been kind to us here."

"Kind? Nonsense! It has been all very well; but of course one doesn't care for this sort of thing when one can get anything better. Our position in future will be quite different, as befits our birth. And so why on earth should we regret leaving Detmold?"

The Major had said no word to the Justizrath,—had said no word even to the wife of his bosom,—respecting the information he had received from Franz Lehmann. The Justizrath, he felt, would have received it with a mild, "I told you so!" having from the first impressed upon the Major that the portrait in the ebony cabinet was indubitably a relic of some youthful love-affair,—one doubtless of many similar episodes in the career of the gay Baron Ernest Dornberg, and that it deserved no peculiar attention; still less that Major von Groll should give himself any concern about a matter which had been past and gone so many years, and in which he had no responsibility whatever.

Amalia would have given utterance to a violent, virtuous tirade against "that creature," and would, in all probability have extended her chaste wrath and indignation to the innocent Lieschen. And the Major had every desire to shield the orphan girl from being the subject of scandalous gossip. "Amalia's notions are so very strict," reflected the Major. And he had an instinctive conviction that the "strictness" of his Amalia's notions would lead her to disapprove much more violently of her brother's victims than of her brother himself. So Major von Groll held his tongue. Nevertheless he was not satisfied. If his intellect were obtuse, his conscience was sensitive; and his conscience did not allow him to rest altogether at ease. He



read, and re-read the statement of the Reverend Nepomuk Souka, and cudgelled his brains for a theory which should reconcile Ernest's dying words with such facts as he had learned from Farmer Lehmann.

In brief, the poor gentleman was worrying himself into a state of nervous anxiety, which threatened to undermine his health. And, I repeat, the Fates seemed to be using him hardly in throwing such a burden upon his powers of mind. Something he felt was wrong,—but what? Had Major von Groll been as well acquainted with Shakspeare as was the leonine Professor, he might have exclaimed with Hamlet,

"The time is out of joint ;—O cursed spite!  
That ever I was born to put it right."

But Major von Groll know nothing about Shakspeare. His only recreation was to take long rides through the woodlands. And even this pleasure was tinged by the melancholy with which people view any agreeable haunt that they are shortly to bid a long farewell to.

As soon as he had given that conditional promise to his wife and the Justizrath touching his resignation, the Major went down to the Marstall,—the fine and renowned stables belonging to the Prince of Detmold, and attached to the Schloss,—and ordered a horse to be saddled for his afternoon ride. At the Marstall he found old Albrecht, who had a son employed as groom there, and the sight of the Jäger reminded the Major of their expedition to the deserted hunting-lodge on the Grotenberg. "Ha, Albrecht," he said, in answer to the old man's respectful greeting, "how goes it? Tell them to saddle black Ali for you, and come along with me. I want to say a few words to you. I will ride on slowly towards the Grotenberg woods, and you will soon overtake me."

As soon as the Land-steward and his attendant were clear of the town and of the scattered villas of the suburb by the banks of the Werre, Von Groll beckoned the Jäger to come up to him, and bade him ride by his side.

"Do you know where we are going, Albrecht?"

"No; but wherever the gnädiger Herr commands, I will follow."

"Don't you know where we are going, Albrecht?"

"Umph! I misdoubt me."

"To the deserted hunting-lodge, man."

"Ja so!"

"You have said nothing to any one about our former expedition?"

"The Herr Major had my promise."

"Ganz gut! Now tell me if anything has happened up there during my absence. I have had so many other things in my head lately, that I had nearly forgotten my adventure there."

It appeared that Albrecht had little to tell about the hunting-lodge. The stories of its being haunted had not died away certainly.

No, they had increased, on the contrary. No Jäger would willingly go near the place after dusk. And in truth it was not a favourite resort at any hour. It was clear that Albrecht himself by no means relished the prospect of a visit there. Had he forgotten how positively they had satisfied themselves that human agency had opened the shutters, and that some human being had made himself a bed of leaves in the upper chamber? No, he had not forgotten,—not in the least. Neither had he forgotten the terrible sable, fiery-eyed visage which had glared out upon him from the bushes as they were returning to Detmold. Ach Himmel! These things were better let alone. Nevertheless if the Herr Land-steward commanded he would obey. Old Albrecht was not one to go back from his word.

They reached the lodge while it was yet early in the afternoon, and entered it without difficulty by way of the back window as on the former occasion. All was still, and, save that summer warmth had replaced the cold March winds, very much as it had been on their first visit. On the hearthstone they perceived a fresh pile of wood ashes, giving token that a goodly fire had blazed there since they had seen it last. In the upper chamber some straw covered with a canvas sack had replaced the bed of leaves. Another innovation was a stone pitcher full of water, that stood beside the rude couch.

"Bei meiner Ehre!" exclaimed the Major, contemplating these things with a grave countenance, "the rascal is making himself at home! You see the old house is evidently still his head-quarters. Now it is surprising,—certainly very surprising,—that so clever and energetic a man as the Justizrath von Schleppers should have allowed this sort of thing to go on under his nose without discovering——."

"Look here, gnädiger Herr," cried Albrecht, advancing from a corner of the room where he had been prosecuting some researches in a small bundle that lay on the floor there, "only see this! I have found a knife with a buck-horn handle, and whose name do you think is engraved on the little plate of metal let into it? Otto Hemmerich. There it is, O-t-t-o,—Otto Hemmerich as large as life!" After a short discussion between the Major and his follower, they left the lodge, turned their horses' heads towards the foot of the hill, down a steeper and less-frequented path than the one they had come by, and within half-an-hour were galloping at a good pace along the high road that led to Horn.

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#### CHAPTER XXXIV.

##### A GLIMPSE OF THE TRUTH.

Two horsemen, mounted on fine steeds from the Marstall, clattering into Horn, and drawing bridle before the door of the Pied Lamb, caused unwonted excitement, not only in the hostelry, but throughout

the whole length of the street. The blacksmith peered out from his cavernous forge. The blacksmith's poodle being less tied to the spot by the necessities of business than his master, walked across the road to the Pied Lamb, and examined the strangers curiously. Granny Becker lifted her trembling head from her knitting, and stared at them. The horse-faced man at the general shop leant over his half-door to see; and Herr Peters interrupted the pounding of some drugs, and paused, pestle in hand, to blink through his spectacles at the Land-steward, whom he knew by sight. Out came the waiter, hurrying and eager; out came the stout waiting-maid; out came Herr Quendel himself, and with many solemn bows ushered the illustrious guest into his house, and demanded what he could have the honour of preparing for his refreshment. But there was considerable disappointment in the Pied Lamb when Major von Groll, having desired that the horses should be cared for, and ordered a draught of beer for Albrecht after his hot ride, declined taking any food himself, but asked the way to the house of the Sacristan of St. Mary's, and having been told it, set off thither on foot, followed by the Jäger.

What on earth could take the Land-steward to Simon Schnarcher's cottage, was an enigma which occupied the mental ingenuity of a large number of the population of Horn during several hours. The reader, however, may know that that which caused Major von Groll to visit the sacristan's house was the buck-horn handled knife whereon was cut the name of Otto Hemmerich.

Old Simon could give no account of it. The knife was his nephew's, he believed. But how it had come to be found in the hunting-lodge he was unable to guess. His nephew and he were at variance. The young man had disobeyed him, and had gone his own way. He, Simon Schnarcher, could not answer for what haunts he had frequented or what acquaintances he had made. Really it was a matter with which he could not concern himself. But even as the old man spoke the harsh words in his harshest tones, there was a tear trembling in the corner of his eye; and he stooped down again over a garden bed that he was weeding, to hide his emotion. The Major had found Simon in his garden, basking in the hot sunshine, and trimming or weeding a little here and there, with the notion that he was at work.

"Mayhap," suggested old Sophie, "'twas an old knife left there from the head-ranger's time." But this was proved to be out of the question. Not only was the knife bright and free from rust, but it had not been there three months ago, on the occasion of the Major's first visit.

"My opinion is," said Albrecht, gloomily, "that the lad was robbed and,—who knows?—perhaps murdered in that cursed den. Why, he has disappeared from Detmold like a shooting-star from a summer sky! Who knows where Otto Hemmerich may be at this

moment?" That knew little Lieschen, tripping up the garden path in time to hear the query, put in Albrecht's deepest and most lugubrious tones. At least she knew where he had been but a short time ago. And she, too, it was who could read the riddle of the knife having been found in the hunting-lodge. Why, Otto had slept there the night before he went away! To be sure he had! And most likely he had given the clasp knife as a keepsake to his cousin, the charcoal-burner, who lived there.

"Oh, indeed!" said the Major, more absently than was his wont; for he was gazing at Lieschen and thinking of the portrait and of all the circumstances connected with his possession of it. "Lives there, does he?"

Well, yes; or if he did not exactly live there always, he slept there very often. Otto had told her about it. And then little Lieschen blushed, and looked very shy and timid.

"Do you hear, gnädiger Herr Major?" whispered Albrecht aside to his master. "This is the fellow we have been seeking for, depend on it." But though he whispered, Lieschen heard him, and pricked up her ears, fearing to have done wrong in speaking.

"Oh, Eure Gnaden!" she cried, clasping her little hands, and trembling very much as she looked into the Major's face, "indeed he is an honest man, though very poor. I hope you have nothing against him!" Then she turned to the sacristan, who was affecting not to listen, and leaning down to his ear, as he stooped over the garden-bed, said softly, "He is Otto's cousin, Herr Küster."

The upshot of the matter was, that the Major having expressed a desire to see and speak with this lonely occupant of the hunting-lodge, Lieschen undertook to make him come forward, having first received the Major's assurance that no harm should be done to the man if he could prove himself to have been guilty of no greater crime than surreptitiously taking shelter in an empty house. She knew, or believed that the Land-steward could find Joachim, and force him to appear, if he thought fit to do so; for in Lieschen's eyes the Land-steward was a mighty, powerful, and,—save, perhaps, to the Prince himself,—irresponsible potentate. But she wanted Otto's Cousin to come forward like an honest man, and give an account of himself freely, without waiting to have it dragged from him.

"Joachim is generally at work in the woods about Horn on a Friday," said she, with a bashful earnestness that was very pretty to behold; "and to-morrow is Friday, and, if you will, I can go up to the wood above Cousin Franz's hill-side meadows to-morrow morning and get him to come and speak with Eure Gnaden." And so it was settled it should be. The Major would remain at the Pied Lamb that night, despatching a messenger to Detmold, to set Frau von Groll's mind at rest as to his safety; and the next morning he

would meet this Joachim at the sacristan's cottage, if the sacristan would permit.

Pride of birth, which showed itself in Amalia in the shape of callous indifference to the feelings of inferiors, resulted, in her husband's case, in a certain stiff, grave, condescending politeness. It was incumbent on a gentleman to be civil and considerate to those unfortunates to whom Providence had not vouchsafed sixteen quarters. Just in the same way, although in a greater degree, the Major would have been shocked and disgusted at cruelty to a horse or a dog. Since God Almighty had made him so superior to these dumb beasts by the fact of creating him human, all manhood and religion and self-respect prompted him to use them with gentleness. Ferdinand von Groll would, in fact, have been a soft-mannered man, but for the professional habit of command, which tempered his mildness with a touch of military brevity and decision. "Well, Albrecht," said he, as he walked back to the Pied Lamb, accompanied by the old Jäger, "you see what nonsense all these foolish huntsmen and country folks got into their heads about the lodge being haunted. After all, it turns out to be a poor devil who did not know where else to lay his head. And mark what mischief such superstitions do. Had the fellow been a robber,—a second Schinderhannes,—all those wild stories would only have served to help him and screen him from detection."

"Humph!" said Albrecht, gruffly enough.

Perhaps,—for flesh is weak,—the Major was led to improve the occasion for Albrecht's behoof more than he otherwise would have done, by an unacknowledged sense of disappointment at the bottom of his heart, at finding his own theories and expectations blown to the winds. He would have liked vastly to astonish the Justizrath von Schleppers by the discovery of a nest of outlaws in the very midst of the Grotenberg forest. Even a poacher would have been something. But a houseless vagabond of a charcoal-burner, as harmless as a rabbit,—pooh! it was very tame. The Major proceeded with his lecture. "Now observe, Albrecht, how fancy misleads people. The man is a charcoal-burner. It was his black face, no doubt, which you saw peeping out of the bushes, and you forthwith declare that you have seen the Wild Huntsman!"

"I should like to dust the carle's grimy jacket with my hunting-whip," responded Albrecht, frowning angrily. Then, after a second or two, he added, with a dogged obstinacy of conviction which was obviously unassailable, "But as to the Black Huntsman, gnädiger Herr,—Lord protect us and forgive us our sins!—there's no manner of doubt about him. My grandfather saw him with his own eyes. And he has always haunted the Detmold woods,—always! since as long ago as they was woods, and longer."

That evening, in the Spiese-Saal of the Pied Lamb, both Albrecht,

the Prince's Jäger, and Simon Schnarcher, the sacristan, were the objects of extreme curiosity, and not a little respectful attention from the assembled company. The Major dined in a private room, and the field was therefore clear for his subordinate to satisfy all inquiries, either outspoken or merely hinted, as to the cause of the great man's visit to Horn. But the Jäger was as dumb as a fish, and silently imbibed prodigious quantities of beer. As to the sacristan, he was, they knew, a very unpromising person from whom to extract information that he was not wholly minded to give. On this special evening he was unwontedly taciturn.

The only man who appeared to be thoroughly enjoying himself was Herr Quendel. The reader has already been made acquainted with that worthy's peculiar theories on the subject of good-fellowship, and how little he considered conversation had to do with the pleasures of society. The unusual silence, therefore, as it did not diminish the consumption of beer and tobacco, cast no cloud upon his broad visage. And as he sat there, resting his ponderous form in a comfortable arm-chair, smoking a weedy cigar, surrounded by his old customers, and knowing that the Land-steward von Groll,—the very deputy and representative as it were of his gracious Highness himself,—was finishing his supper in the adjoining room, Herr Quendel considered himself, and no doubt justly, to be as thriving and contented a landlord as any in Detmold.

The next morning Liese, as she had expected, found Joachim Müller at his occupation about half a mile within the woods above Lehmann's farm. At first he was very averse to being taken into any house, and, above all, to seeing the Prince's Land-steward. "What good can it do?" said he. "See what comes of it when I try to speak to any of the folks. They don't believe me, and drive me away for a thief and a vagabond, like the farmer's wife yonder. I had better have held my tongue than greeted Otto Hemmerich that first day he saw me in the woodlands."

"Otto does not think so," replied Lieschen, coaxingly. "Won't you come and talk to the gnädiger Herr and let him see that you are an honest man, if you be poor, and that you have no need to skulk away from any of them? You live too solitary, and get fancies, Joachim. Come, for Otto's sake,—for my sake!" Heaven knows whither he would not have followed that face and that voice. He came after her down the shady pathway, keeping ever a few paces behind, and at intervals she would turn her head to smile at and encourage him; and so they reached the sacristan's cottage.

"It is true what I guessed," cried Lieschen, eagerly, as she threw open the garden-gate, and advanced to where the sacristan was standing, rake in hand. "It is true. Otto gave him the clasp knife for a keepsake. He says so."

How had things changed when Lieschen dared to go up to the old

man and speak that name, looking full into his face! Yet no storm followed. Simon cast one rapid, keen glance at the wild-looking apparition who stood hesitating at his gate. Then he said drily, but not unkindly;—"Thou art a foolish little maid, I doubt me, to believe a thing is so, just because he,—or, for that matter, any other man,—says it is so. Get thee into the house, where yonder soldier-steward is waiting already. He has not much gumption, hasn't the soldier;—isn't so wise as he looks, little maid. But, withal, I should judge him to be a right-thinking man."

"So!" said the Major, abruptly, when the charcoal-burner was ushered into the sacristan's stone-paved kitchen; "you are the fellow who has been frightening all my Jägers, eh? They took you for the Black Huntsman!"

"Nay," answered Joachim, with a dazed, bewildered gaze, "I cannot say what they took me for. I meant no evil."

"As to frightening," muttered Albrecht, bolt upright behind his master's chair; "such as him don't frighten Detmold Jägers. Not by fair means, that is, any way."

"Be still, Albrecht!" said the Major, curtly. Then he asked, "Why did you go to the hunting-lodge?"

"For shelter."

"Nothing else?"

"Nothing else. As you can see, there is nothing for any one to steal, and I did no damage to the Prince's property."

"Maybe not; but it was all contrary to discipline. How long have you been in the habit of sleeping in the lodge?"

"Ever since the beginning of last winter."

"The devil you have!"

"I have told you that I meant no harm."

The Major proceeded to point out that it was a suspicious-looking proceeding on the part of any person in the Prince's employ to take up his abode clandestinely in a house supposed to be shut up and inaccessible, except by means of a key at that moment hanging in the Land-steward's office at Detmold. Joachim listened with a downcast, half-sullen air. "I think you might pay rather more respect and attention, Blackface, when his lordship condescends to talk to you," said the old huntsman, whose wrath was hot against the haunter of the hunting-lodge.

"Be still, Albrecht! And have you no friends or relations?"

"No."

"No comrade among the other charcoal-burners who might share a hut with you?"

"No."

"I'll tell you the truth, gnädiger Herr," put in the irrepressible Albrecht. "None of the others will associate with him. They say he's been in prison somewhere or other, and call him Jail-bird. I

know the fellow now. Truth will out in the long run. One tells another——. Why they do say that a Hausfrau here in Horn caught him trying to steal her ducklings, and raised a regular hue and cry after him with all her farm-servants. This is the carle, for a thousand bright thalers!"

"See, now!" cried little Lieschen, who had been present in the kitchen during the interview, fearing, as in truth was likely, that unless she remained, Joachim would not remain either. "See, now, how cruel and unjust folks are! Oh, Eure Gnaden! I know,—indeed I do,—that that story is false. It was to my cousin's house he came, and the Hausfrau could not accuse him of stealing anything, for he never touched a thing,—and she was angry, certainly,—but there was nothing to prove he had done any harm;—and I beg your pardon, Herr Albrecht, if I have spoken amiss. I am sure you would not willingly say what was not true. But they have told you falsely; indeed they have!" And then Lieschen, amazed at her own boldness, trembled and cast down her eyes. The Jäger stared in surprise, and shrugged his shoulders. Joachim remained motionless, with his eyes fixed on her face, as though he were lost to all other outward objects. As to the Major, he was becoming quite interested. This was a winning little creature, this girl,—so shy and timid as to flush and tremble if a stranger did but look upon her, and yet with courage enough to speak up for a friend in trouble! That was a virtue which the Major was fully able to appreciate. Besides, he felt, in some half-unconscious way, that he owed this child all the kindness in his power. He had never put the matter plainly to himself, but there was in his not very clear mind a distinct sense that some reparation was due to her for wrongs suffered at the hands of one nearly connected with himself. For wronged Lieschen and Lieschen's mother had certainly been, even judging merely by the story he had heard from farmer Franz. And perhaps——; but the Major did not pursue the "perhaps" any farther just then. He dismissed Albrecht back to the inn, bidding him see that the horses were saddled by twelve o'clock. Then he waved the charcoal-burner away to the farther end of the long kitchen, out of ear-shot, where Joachim sat down near the door, with his rapt gaze still fixed upon Lieschen. Finally, Major von Groll beckoned the girl to approach him, and began questioning her in an under-tone.

Why was she so interested in this man? Because he was Otto's cousin, eh? So, then, Otto was a very dear friend of hers? Ah so, so! Where was he? Why had he left Detmold? Umph! He,—the Major,—should inquire of Lawyer von Schleppers why no word had yet reached his ears of this young man's desire to get the Jäger's place. But now as to this charcoal-burner;—when he hung about Farmer Lehmann's homestead, since Lieschen protested that she was sure he did not come to steal the ducklings, what was it he had wanted?



Well, he had wanted to say something to cousin Franz about her, Lieschen. She had not known it at the time; but the next day, when Cousin Hanne,—that was the Hausfrau, she explained,—had come back from Detmold, there had been a great quarrel and disturbance; and Cousin Hanne, who was apt to be a little cross sometimes, had declared that the charcoal-burner was a prying, insolent fellow, who had been to the Justizrath von Schleppers, to ask questions about their family affairs. And then Cousin Franz had been angry too.

"Strange!" said the Major, whose brain was unable to receive so many new facts and combinations in quick succession, without some sensation of bewilderment. "Why should a fellow like him have gone to von Schleppers for information about Lehmann's family? Do you think, girl, that he is quite right in his head, this charcoal-burner? Only see how he glares at you, like one walking in his sleep."

"Yes," answered Liese, simply; "he always looks at me like that. Otto told me that he said I was so very very like some one he knew and loved long ago."

Amidst the floating conjectures and recollections and possibilities which had now for some time haunted the Major's mind, these words came like something clear, something tangible, something with which to connect a solid fact that he held in his hand. He rose up and walked across the kitchen to where Joachim was sitting slouched together on his chair. Then he unbuckled the flap of a large leathern hunting pouch which hung across his shoulder by a strap, and taking out a square case, which looked like a book, opened it, and held it before the charcoal-burner's eyes. "Did you ever see any one like that?" he said.

The man did not cry, or start, or move. He looked steadfastly at the portrait in the casket for a second or two. Then a violent trembling seized him from head to foot; he tried to gasp out the word "Barbara!" but a contraction in his throat seemed nearly to choke him. Lieschen, terrified, ran up and put her hand on his shoulder. At that touch the tears poured suddenly down his face, and sinking on his knees beside the chair, he fell to sobbing like a little child!

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## YOUNG ITALY'S REPORT OF PROGRESS.

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THOSE who are old enough to remember the days of stage coaches,—the good old times of “Telegraphs,” “Highflyers,” “Quicksilver Mails,” and their congeners,—and have enjoyed the not-forgotten glory of a box-seat on those dead-and-gone conveyances,—may recollect the mode adopted by the great artists,—spruce with flower in button-hole and gorgeously-pinned bird’s-eye fogle,—to whom the governance of the vehicle was intrusted, when descending a hill with a steep and long ascent facing them on the other side of the valley. Down we went with a rush,—to keep the pole straight the sole care,—and by virtue of the momentum thus gained, were well-nigh half up the opposite hill before the cattle felt the collar!

Well-nigh half-way! But then the momentum was expended; the strain began to be felt; the rest of the work had to be done at a dead pull, with aching shoulders leaning on the unrelaxing collar, heaving flanks, and at slow pace. All sheer collar work, any shrinking from which might be attended with very unpleasant results!

Very much after the same fashion is wont to be the progress of political revolution. Pulling down is easy work and quick. Down we go with a hip, hurrah! Blood runs quick! All hearts beat high with hope; and away we dash at the steep reconstruction hill, and get a good bit of the way up it with withers as yet unwrung. Then comes a change; and the collar begins to be painfully felt; and, what is wont to be the worst of it, the same team, which were excellently well adapted for the rush down the hill, are often not found to be exactly the right sort of cattle for the slow and heavy work of pulling up the ascent. The time of discouragement comes,—the time when faith is needed,—the deep, unswerving faith that is born only of a well-grounded and well-understood conviction of the immutable truth of certain principles.

And it is at this stage of the business that young Italy has now arrived. It is quite inevitable that such periods should come in all such courses and such enterprises as those on which Italy has entered. All human progress is and must be achieved by such systole and diastole process. But the more important consideration is that the real value of the advance accomplished,—the final success of the experiment,—will depend in a far greater degree on the conduct and capabilities of the people, as shown during this second phase of their revolutionary period, than on what they were able to accomplish

during the earlier period. It is so much easier to run down hill, with hip, hurrah! than to work steadily with the shoulder to the collar! How far are the Italians capable of such collar-work? what amount of hope is there that they may be as good at pulling steadily as at rushing enthusiastically?—that is now the all-important question.

An English artist, well known for his own capacity for, and estimate of, the value of labour, and for the successful results of it, speaking the other day of his pretty large experience of the artistic world in Florence, said that the degree of quickness and facility with which a certain point in the path towards excellence is reached by large numbers of these people is very remarkable, and unquestionably much greater than often exists among ourselves. But, said he, it is rare indeed for any of them to push on beyond the point which may be, and is so reached! They give back as soon as they feel the collar. As soon as work becomes sufficiently hard, or sufficiently long-continued to become galling, they won't face it! It is an ugly symptom, and one which, if it were really an indication of the general calibre of the national character, might be at once accepted as a fatal one.

But as well as a will and a capacity for exertion, faith, as has been said, is at the present stage of the matter greatly needed. Disappointments arise, have arisen, will arise! It is found that the good things which the nation coveted cannot be had without paying the price for them; and, moreover, that when obtained, they are not altogether such unmixed goods as they had been imagined.

Tuscany, for example, has been in the position of a rich man who goes into partnership with a poor one. The Grand Duchy was beyond all comparison the best governed and most prosperous part of the peninsula before the revolution. The contrast in every symptom of well-being, which is still visible on passing the frontier which separates Tuscany from the States of the Church, was far more marked before the two districts became parts of the kingdom of united Italy. The public debt of the Duchy was very light. The number of soldiers which the people were called on to maintain,—though Tuscans grumbled much in those days at having to keep soldiers for the pleasure and need of Austria,—was far smaller in proportion than their quota of the army, which Italy now maintains for the pleasure and need of France. Taxes, accordingly, were out of all comparison lighter in Tuscany under her old Grand Ducal régime than they are at present. The commerce of Leghorn, the sole port, and the second most important city of Tuscany, is in decadence. Leghorn has lost much by the change from the old order of things to the new. In some degree this has been owing to the extension of railroad communication, and would have happened also had the change not occurred, but to a much smaller degree. Florence has, of course, profited very largely by becoming the seat of the capital. Probably it would not

be too much to say that the entire property contained within the circuit of the new octroi boundary of the city is now worth four times as much as it was worth before the change of capital. Florence, therefore, has no cause to complain. But it cannot be doubted that all Tuscany, with the exception of the capital, has found that being a free and self-governing nation is a very expensive amusement. There are classes even at Florence who are discontented with the new order of things. The priests, and priest-ruled nobles, and friends of the Grand Ducal Court, are of course discontented and disaffected. But, besides these, there is a class which, despite the impulse given to all prosperity by the making of Florence into the capital of Italy, has found itself injured in its interests, and is discontented accordingly. The old-fashioned Florentine shop-keepers do not like the change. They have, it is true, all the greatly-increased number of the inhabitants of the capital among whom to find customers. But if customers have increased, rivals have increased still more; and the Florentine tradesman of the old school is not well calculated to hold his own against these new rivals,—active, pushing men from Turin and Milan, with larger capital than the easy-going old Florentine shop-keeper, and what is worse, with far more active and modern ways and manners of doing business. The old Florentines find themselves left behind in the race of competition, unused as they were to any notion of competition at all; and they don't like it.

Nor are grounds of disappointment and discontent wanting in most other parts of Italy on the score of material well-being, unless it be perhaps Lombardy and Venetia. The Austrians squeezed these provinces so severely, that it was hardly on the cards but that they should be benefited, at all events in matters fiscal, by any change of masters. We all know how Naples was governed. But it cannot be denied that under King Bomba, he who was content to eat and drink in tranquil submission, had more to eat and drink than he has now. So costly is it to be a great self-governing nation, and to keep an army large enough to enable one to make a not too humiliating appearance among the most genteel nations of Europe!

At Ancona, also, the decline in the commerce of the port has been very marked, from causes analogous to those which have inflicted injury on Leghorn;—the throwing down of the custom-houses along the former frontier of the States of the Church, and the extension of railroads. The Marches export still, as they exported under the old régime, a very considerable quantity of bread-stuffs and other farm produce. But this trade is now almost entirely carried on by land.

Upon the whole, however, Italian commerce is increasing, though slowly. And the returns show the movement in the ports of Naples, Messina, Palermo, and especially Genoa, to have increased. A striking evidence of the improvement in the material condition of the country,

—which in part may be attributed also to improved confidence,—is to be seen in the fact that more than half that portion of the public debt of Italy which was held in France in 1866 is now in Italian hands.

Of course the necessity which drove the Government to the imposition of the tax on grinding has caused a considerable amount of discontent;—a much greater amount than the real degree of suffering or inconvenience occasioned by it is sufficient to justify. The “*macinato*,” as the tax in question is elliptically called, is in fact a sentimental grievance. A similar tax was one of the most ordinary and most hated modes of extortion and oppression in certain parts of Italy under the old régime. It is a tax which has had an ill name for many generations, and has come down with an ill name from a great antiquity. It was a notable and much-detested engine of extortion and oppression in the hands of the old despotic rulers of various parts of Italy. In those provinces in which it was known, it was feared and hated with a traditional hatred; and in those provinces in which it was not known, it came upon the people in the guise of a new and unwonted vexation. And these considerations caused the Government for a long time to hesitate in imposing it.

But it is absolutely necessary, as every financier knows, to find some tax which shall touch the masses of the population;—some means of tapping the great social underlying rock;—some scheme by which the hewers of wood and drawers of water may be constrained to contribute to the expenses of Government. The poor man's penny is more important than the rich man's pound; and if it be true that no amount of taxation on articles of luxury used by the richer classes only, will, even in such a country as ours, avail to produce the revenue necessary for national purposes, it is yet more emphatically true in such a country as Italy, where the masses of stored-up wealth are out of all comparison fewer and smaller than with us. Further, all those considerations and arguments which may be adduced to show the justice and moral fitness of exacting contributions to the expense of the national Government from every class, even the poorest, in every country, apply with special force to the social condition of Italy.

A Government paid for solely by the rich will, more especially in a land where political morality and political guarantees have not yet become strong and habitual with the growth of many generations, be a rich man's government. The only education, moreover, of a nation to the task of self-government, is to be found in the practice of interesting the great masses of the population in the conduct of the Government. And the only method of so interesting them is to make them conscious contributors to the expense of it. And this end is in Italy only to be reached by a tax that falls on the primary necessities of life.

We English have reached an economical position which enables us

to tax all classes by taxes that bear on luxuries ;—on the labouring man's luxuries ;—beer, tobacco, and spirits. We have reached an economical position bearing on that point which Italy is as yet far from having reached. But it must also be borne in mind that the idiosyncrasy of the race to be taxed also modifies the question in a very important manner. Those who know the Italian people will feel no doubt that even if the labouring classes were as much raised above the level of mere ability to obtain food as our own labouring classes are, an attempt to tax their luxuries would fail. The Englishman who has the price of a pot of beer in his pocket likes the pot of beer better than the money, and likes it so much better that the knowledge that a part of the price of it goes to the Government will not deter him from spending his money on it. An Italian in similar circumstances would abstain from his luxury. An Italian of the labouring classes will not tax himself, or at least he will do so to a very limited extent. He is so frugal, so sober, so temperate, so provident, so fond of money, so given to hoarding, that a very slightly increased price would be sufficient to induce him to go without the luxury and save his money. It is true that a large revenue is drawn in Italy from the tax on tobacco. The use of the weed has become all but a necessary of life to the Italian of the labouring classes. Nevertheless, a very small increase of the duty would suffice to insure the falling off of the revenue from it.

For these reasons the Italian Government has, in the absolute necessity for raising more revenue, thought it expedient, after much doubting and with much reluctance, to impose the tax on grinding ; and has probably judged rightly in so doing. The difficulties in the way of putting the decision into execution were expected to be considerable, and they have turned out to be quite as great as it was feared they would be.

It is not necessary here to consume any of the small space at our command with details of the very serious disorders which attended the first introduction of the tax, and of which all readers of the newspapers of the day must have seen an account. It is worth noting, however, that the memory of former suffering had the effect of disposing the sufferers to submission rather than to resistance. For the disturbances and the resistance were confined to districts where the tax had been previously unknown. It may be worth while to observe also, seeing the great conflict of assertions in the public prints on the subject at the time, that the statements of the governmental press to the effect that the disturbances were in a great measure due to the incitements and fostering of the priests and their political adherents, were, doubtless, perfectly true. In some districts the priests taught the people that as wind and water were God's free gifts to all men, grinding ought to be gratuitously done " for the love of God ! "

The financial results of these difficulties and disturbances are the

worst part of what remains from them. The multiplied military movements which were required to put them down cost a great deal. The sums which the tax was calculated to produce have by no means been received in full. Various compromises had to be made. What was much worse, the Government had recourse, in some instances, to acts of despotic and arbitrary violence. And worst of all,—in the eyes of one looking forward to the degree of political civilisation to which it may be hoped to educate the nation,—these arbitrary proceedings did not awaken any general indignation, or occasion any calling of the Government to account for them. The people screamed loudly enough against the tax, which they had by due process of law imposed upon themselves; but they made very little outcry against arbitrary acts done by the Government in defiance of all law.

So much is the grievance of the new tax a sentimental grievance as regards the masses of the population, that the imposition of it has caused no rise in the price of bread in any part of Italy. It is possible, perhaps, that a more complete and successful levying of the imposition may hereafter do so. But it will in any case be infinitesimal. Most probably the entire amount will be distributed between the miller, the middle man, and the baker. And possibly some very slight portion of the burthen may fall on the consumer in the shape of a difference in the bolting of the flour of which his loaf is made.

A certain degree of discontent is still caused among the commercial classes, and in some parts of Italy among the peasantry also, by the "*corso forzato*," as the people call it,—the provisional non-liability of the bank to pay its notes in gold. Of course the result of this is that no gold, and hardly any silver, is to be seen in Italy; and the whole course of commerce, especially with foreign countries, is thrown out of gear, and carried on at a disadvantage. The evil, however, is very much less than it was at first;—less in the proportion of about four to fourteen! The Government hope, and the Government men declare, that the return to cash payments will be accomplished in the course of the year 1870.

The "Red" party, or the Opposition, who ever since the commencement of constitutional government in Italy have exhibited a singular aptitude for attacking where attack was either unwarranted or useless, and for abstaining from attack where every sound principle of constitutional government ought to have urged them to make a stand against illegality, raised a great outcry at the separation of Parliament for the Easter holidays before completing the long-promised and grievously-needed legislation on the reorganisation of the civil service. There has been a complaint that the work of three months has been thrown away, and the subject abandoned, because the majority are unwilling to do anything in the matter. This is not the case. The Parliament met again on the 12th of April, and the



Bill for the reform of the departments will be resumed as soon as the debate on the Budget shall have been got through. It has been decided that the precedence shall be given to the latter.

The Budget, without being so cheerful and pleasant a one as could be desired,—but scarcely in the present condition of the country expected,—will not be in any degree of a nature to cause uneasiness. There will be a deficit; but it will be a small one. No new taxes will be proposed, as has been rumoured. But an extensive attempt will be made to increase the productiveness of the present impositions by a better, more uniform, and more controllable and better-controlled system of collection. It is easy to understand that serious difficulties have been thrown in the way of the Government in this respect, and that wide-spread abuses have been fostered by the great differences which existed in the method of tax-gathering, and of the accountability of the officers through whom the taxes reached the State coffers in the different provinces of Italy. Add to this the difficulty,—the impossibility, as it was felt to be,—of making such a clean sweep as should get rid of the old, obstinately routine-bound and often corrupt officials who had done the work of the former Governments;—and the twofold evil of being obliged to waste the resources of the country on maintaining the officials of dozens of obsolete administrations, who would not budge out of their old ruts, and could not be left to starve; and of causing a large amount of wide-spread discontent by the employment of such persons to the exclusion of adherents of the new order of things.

It has been known for some weeks past that the negotiation entered into by the Italian Government with the house of Rothschild, which proposed that that firm should assume the task of selling a second portion of the Church lands declared to be national property, and should advance a large sum of money on account, has fallen to the ground. The Opposition blamed the Government severely for attempting to make such a bargain in the first instance, and has been equally offended in the second that the negotiation should have failed. The first discontent was probably the more reasonable. The Government now say, and probably with reason, that they will be able to achieve their object by the aid of sundry of the national institutions of credit. If so,—and it is probable that such is really the case,—it would have been better to have effected their purpose in this way in the first instance. The point on which the negotiation with the house of Rothschild broke down was the *sine qua non* insisted on by the Italian Government, that a certain portion of the shares in the undertaking should be reserved for Italian purchasers. This condition was refused by the Rothschilds. And it is now said,—with great appearance of probability,—that the motive for this refusal on the part of the great capitalists was, that it was in fact their purpose, in undertaking the matter, to act as holders for the Church. Any



suspicion of such an intention would have been quite sufficient to make the best possible, and otherwise most unobjectionable terms, utterly repugnant and unacceptable to the Italian public.

In the meantime the sale of the first portion of the ecclesiastical lands, which it was decided to offer for sale, continues to proceed very favourably. The estimated value of this portion of the property in question was 400 millions of francs. Of this quantity lands to the value of 100 millions still remain unsold. But the portion sold has in almost every case realised prices very considerably in excess of the estimated value. So much so that the entire quantity, estimated at 300 millions, has produced about one-third more. It is worth noticing, that in general the buyers, though not sufficiently violent partisans of the Church to give rise to any suspicion that the purchase was effected for any purpose beyond the ostensible one, were persons attached rather to the old order of things than strong adherents of the present Government.

When first the Government decided on the immediate sale of this portion of the lands in question, very advantageous proposals were made,—not, we believe, publicly, or in the form of direct offers, but in the way of private suggestion, which, if responded to, would have been met with great readiness by the Italian Government,—to English capitalists. The operation would have been one of the most magnificent ever offered to the attention of speculators. A very easily-made investigation would have sufficed to show that the estimated prices were such as really to preclude the possibility of loss. A small portion only of those prices need have been paid down. It would have been a cent. per cent. affair, with far less risk than attends many a hope of six per cent. But the wise men of the West, who, as we all know, are so ready to risk their millions on every sort of bubble scheme, were far too sharp and too wide awake to meddle with Italian Church lands!

Upon the whole, things look better in Italy than they did this time last year. Despite the various causes of discontent which have been enumerated, there is less of agitation in the country than there was. The "Red" party are very much quieter. Remembering the nature and results of their activity, one can have no difficulty in deciding that it is very much better that they should be quiet. Yet the real welfare of the country urgently requires the operation of a strong and reasonable parliamentary opposition. This Italy has never yet had. The Government have it all their own way by reason of the absolute impracticability, absurdity, violence, ignorance, and childishness of those who are opposed to them. And, though it may be believed that they are in many respects doing their best to remedy much that sorely needs remedying, it is very far from being the case that it is good for Italy to be ruled by an unopposed Government.

A well-organised, able, and moderate opposition would make it im-

possible for the Government to persist in the monstrosity of keeping up an army of between 200 and 250 thousand men. Italy ought not to require, and need not have, above half the number. And such a reduction would be the real, the true, and efficient means of getting rid of the deficit and relieving the excessive weight of taxation. But besides the consideration of the expense of maintaining all these men in idleness, an enlightened statesman should remember that Italy is ill able to bear the drain of so large a proportion of its population from the all too scanty supply of productive labour. There are vast districts of fertile land in Italy, especially in the late kingdom of Naples and in Sicily, which are unproductive, or nearly so, for want of hands to cultivate them. In a country so situated the maintenance of an enormous army is of course doubly mischievous. But it is to be feared that there is little hope of any considerable abatement of this evil at the hands of the present Government.

One of the worst of the evils arising from breeding a king as a soldier, and tricking him out with military garments and titles, and teaching him to fancy the command of an army his especial function, is the taste you give him for amusing himself with vast masses of men dressed in uniform. Of course the king likes a large army. He is not sufficiently removed either in time or idea from the old order of things in Italy to have got rid of the notion that a large army makes his own position and his dynasty safe. Furthermore, there is unfortunately but too much reason to think that the king is very desirous of doing that which is agreeable to the ruler of France.

Then in Italy, as everywhere else on the continent of Europe, except, perhaps, in Belgium and Switzerland, there is a mischievous and dangerous preponderance of military men in high governmental position. Of course they, with the most conscientious patriotism, think that a large army is absolutely indispensable!

The existence of such an army, however, as Italy now supports is, besides being the real cause of her financial distress, the source of great danger in the present position and with the present prospects of Europe. It is impossible not to see that, should war arise between Prussia and France, the true policy of Italy would be the strictest neutrality. It is to be feared, however, that such would not be the course adopted. Italy would bind herself to the chariot-wheels of France. And it can hardly be doubted that the true and paramount motive for maintaining so large an army as Italy has on foot is the desire to comply with the wishes of Napoleon, who thus saddles Italy with the burthen of supporting a couple of hundred thousand men for his purposes, and to be ready at his need.

The withdrawal of Count Usedom from the representation of Prussia at the court of Florence,—it may be mentioned in connection with the foregoing considerations,—has undoubtedly been a misfortune for Italy. It is beyond all question that Prussia did seek, by a certain

amount of "rapprochement" with the liberal party in Italy, to counteract,—or perhaps it would be more accurate to say, to have at need the means of counteracting,—the proclivity of the Italian Government towards France. And it is, in the opinion of the present writer, a serious evil that any means of keeping that proclivity in check should be lost or diminished. It may even turn out to be a yet more serious evil than any hinted at in what has already been said. For the feelings and wishes of the nation would not sanction such an alliance with France as it is probable the present Government would wish to make in the case of war. The resentment felt by the Italian people against the French nation and the Emperor is very strong. And it might be that the anger and discontent occasioned by finding themselves called upon to maintain a ruinously large army, and to fight for a cause which is odious to them, might rouse the Italians to a frenzy of rage and disaffection of which the results might be very serious. The celebrated "*Jamais! jamais! jamais!*" of M. Rouher will not soon or easily be forgotten in Italy.

Of course the dictum was no less absurd than insolent. That Rome will be united politically to the rest of Italy is as certain as any future expectation of the kind ever was, or can be. The "when," however, may be still greatly doubtful. For the nonce, the agitation of public feeling seems to have very much subsided,—two convictions probably contributing to produce this more acquiescent state of the public mind: the first, that Rome must infallibly belong to Italy, and that the Italians have only to bide their time; the second, that to seize the prize at once is wholly beyond their power.

In one respect the withholding of Rome from the Italians for awhile has been useful to the nation. Had they been able to make themselves masters of it at any time between the revolution and the miserable affair of Mentana, the national feeling would unquestionably have constrained the Government to the very unwise and inexpedient step of making Rome the capital of the new kingdom. There is little chance that such would be the case now. The degree in which both the expectations and the wishes of the Italians on this subject have been modified of late is very remarkable. That the capital should be again removed, for the sake of making the once capital of the world the capital of the new kingdom of Italy, is wished by very much fewer men than did wish it a year ago, and is expected by probably hardly any. The belief that Florence must and will continue to occupy that position has of late become nearly universal. And there is great reason to think that those in whose hands is lodged the guiding of the national destinies have believed and known this all along. Many interests would have been potently served by authoritative declarations to that effect. But in the recent state of the national mind every ministry must have felt that to make any such declaration would have been, in vulgar phrase, as much as their

places were worth. As far as acts could speak intentions, it has indeed been made manifest enough that in the opinion of the Government, and of those who had the benefit of the best information the Government could give, Florence would continue to be the capital of Italy.

The sums which have been expended in providing permanent and handsome habitats for all the different ministries and departments have been very large,—so large that the most reckless extravagance would hardly have dreamed of lavishing them on a merely temporary object. The Bank of Italy has erected a really magnificent structure at an enormous cost; and it cannot be doubted that that corporation knew very well what it was about in so doing. Other public and quasi-public establishments have done similarly. Two large and handsome new quarters of the city have been built, and the population has increased more than fifty per cent., and is rapidly increasing. Other improvements on a very extensive scale are being executed within the ancient walls of the city,—such as, for instance, a new “Lung Arno,” or quay, lined with handsome houses, extending, on the southern side of the river, from the Ponte Vecchio to the suspension-bridge outside the Porta San Niccolò. The old walls have been in great part removed, and will shortly disappear altogether. The ancient gates will be preserved; and building is going on so rapidly on the outside of the circuit of the old wall, that before long those memorials of the past will be found standing in the midst of closely-built districts of the city, after the fashion of Temple Bar, save that they are very much better worth preserving. An extremely handsome new road, or boulevard, has been projected to run from just outside the present Porta Romana over the hills, passing by St. Miniato, and descending to the river at the suspension-bridge before mentioned. This new road has already been executed for about half the distance; and it promises to be one of the finest drives in Europe, commanding a series of most charming and diversified views of the city, the Valdarno, and the villa-studded hills which enclose it.

Other large schemes of improvement are being prepared,—as new markets, a new water supply, &c.

It is most unfortunate that the great opportunity for getting rid of that most objectionable and mischievous of all taxes, the “octroi,” suggested, and almost forced upon the municipal administration by the destruction of the old walls, should have been lost. While Belgium is giving proof of its advanced civilisation and administrative science by getting rid, with vast trouble and an immense effort, of this detestable mode of taxation, Florence is going to an enormous expense for the purpose of perpetuating it. The new circuit of the city has been drawn at such a distance from the old walls as to include an immense area,—in the process of being rapidly covered by

buildings,—within it; and the vast expense of constructing such a barrier as should prevent smuggling throughout the many miles of this circuit may be imagined;—to prevent smuggling as far as may be,—for to prevent it efficaciously and entirely will be wholly impossible. The old wall, of great height, did effectually prevent the introduction of anything into the city, save through the gates. And the amount of smuggling inevitable in cases where the barrier is only such as is now in process of construction around Florence may be estimated from the fact that the same scale of duties produced at Turin, where the barrier is of such a kind, only half the amount that was levied at Florence, where the old wall did really prevent all smuggling.

The difficulty of doing this at Florence in future will be still greater than it was at Turin, in consequence of the far more “*accidentée*” nature of the ground. The hills, valleys, and broken ground which the new barrier must traverse will afford all the facilities that a large contraband trade could desire; and the only possibility of counteracting this in any degree must be sought in the appointment of a whole army of customs officers. In all probability the proceeds of the obnoxious duty will never be sufficient to pay for the construction of the new barrier, and the terrible expense of watching it.

To an Englishman it seems that nothing but an incredible degree of stupidity can account for the determination to continue the old nuisance of the octroi under such circumstances. But the Florentines, who know their municipal body well, do not accuse it of stupidity. They simply remark that the construction of the new barrier necessitates the giving of a vast number of very important contracts, and the dispensing of a huge amount of patronage; and that the carrying on the customs service when this new circuit is completed will occasion a yet more important amount of patronage in the appointment of the officers needed for the work.

Motives of a similar kind are constantly and very generally assigned to most of the shortcomings and ill-doings of the municipality. The corporation is a very close one; and the active management of the affairs is practically in the hands of a much closer and smaller knot of men, who are the leading members of it. And whether the corruption, attributed to sundry of these persons by their fellow-citizens, be justly or not laid to their charge, it is undeniable that the administration of the affairs of the city is about as bad as possible. The police supervision of the streets is to all good purpose non-existent. There are plenty of officials. For the patronage of appointing them is desirable. But they are absolutely and utterly inefficient. One of these officers, on being called on the other day to arrest a man who had been guilty of some outrage or other, replied as a reason for not doing so, that the offender was a very desperate character, and that it was therefore better to leave him alone!

In old times in Florence the police were always equally inefficient. Indeed, there existed hardly any at all. And there was at all events the advantage of not having to pay for them. But ante-revolutionary Florence was a very different place from what it is now. The population was small. Everybody was more or less known. And the character of the people, ineradicably addicted to doing as they liked in the smaller matters of street regulation, very good-humouredly tolerant of each other's encroachments, and utterly averse from violence of all sorts, enabled matters to go on very tolerably without any police at all. But all this is now entirely changed. Florence has a large and very mixed population. The streets are very grievously in need of police supervision; and there is none that is at all effective.

The Carnival was a very short one this year, in consequence of the early falling of Easter; and Lent is now nearly over. The one tide ended and the other began on the appointed day as for many a century past. But the meaning of the two words is rapidly passing out of them in Italy. The difference between Carnival and Lent, which was so strongly marked in every way some twenty years ago, is of small dimensions now. The revelry of the one season and the asceticism of the other are passing out of the habits of the present generation with equal rapidity. Some spasmodic attempts are made in the various cities to keep up the old character of Carnival. But the real jollity and spirit of the thing, the spontaneity of it, are dead or dying. It is worth notice that everywhere the people seem to lose the capacity for enjoying such amusements and fun in proportion as they become politically free. We know how it was with ourselves, when Laud, with his celebrated "*Book of Sports*," strove in vain, in the interest of legitimacy and old-world ideas, to reanimate the old English sports and pastimes. We know what the character of France and Frenchmen was in this respect until the Revolution made them into citizens. And we know what that character has become under the saddening influences of a constitutional régime. It is quite true that the most iron-handed of despotisms seems unavailing to restore any portion of gaiety to a population which is now unquestionably the saddest in Europe. But it is curious that, contemporaneously with the acquisition of political freedom, should come in Italy also the incapacity for the old light-hearted merriment always ready at the appointed times and seasons. Roman rulers, who are so naturally and consistently anxious to lead away the minds of their subjects from progress of all sorts, and the ideas connected with it, strove hard this year to induce the Romans to enter into the old Carnival amusements with spirit. But they strove as much in vain as Laud did in the same cause. Is it that free citizens have too many other things to think about, and are no longer childish enough to be amused with gay-coloured calico, comfits, and false pasteboard noses?

But another very curious symptom of changing character is beginning to show itself in a marked manner, and the change corresponds singularly with a similar change which was observed to take place under analogous circumstances among another people. The Italians are beginning to kill themselves after the fashion of the most civilised and advanced populations. Suicide, which was ten or a dozen years ago a thing all but unheard of in Italy, has become by no means very rare. Those who have lived half a century or more will remember the time when it used to be said that suicide was a vice peculiar to, and engendered by, the foggy and depressing climate of our own island. It was regarded on the banks of the Seine as quite an English speciality. Then came political liberty, or the attempt at it, and the emancipated citizens forthwith took to pans of charcoal and other means of effecting the "happy despatch," to a degree that left our suicidal tendencies far behind. It is certainly curious to find that Italy is now beginning to follow in the same path.

Other symptoms of movement may be observed of a more cheering and comfortable character. The operations of publishing firms, and the success which has recently attended some of their enterprises, seem to prove unmistakably that reading is on the increase. Of the "*Memoirs of Azeglio*" a very large number were sold,—a number almost unprecedentedly large for Italy. But the success of those volumes was very soon followed by one yet more marked, and of a nature yet more indicative of a healthy movement in the popular mind. Only a few weeks since a little work was published, entitled "*Volere è potere*;"—to will a thing is to be able to accomplish it;—a small treatise handled popularly on the subject commended to our own people as "*Self-Help*." It is by Professor Michele Lissona, and is excellently well adapted to the end it has in view. Of this, 4,400 copies were sold within a few weeks, and the sale is still continuing rapidly. Such a fact alone is sufficient to mark the commencement of a new era in Italy.

As usual in other matters, the increased activity of the printing-press does not bring unmixed good with it. If such treatises as the above, imitated from, or at least suggested by, the English work entitled "*Self-Help*," translations from the works of J. S. Mill, and other versions from, or imitations of, English authors, can but do, and are doing, immense good to all classes of the people in the Italian cities, French literature is as actively spreading poison of the worst description. Vile translations, published in fragmentary fashion, at a very low price, of the worst books of French fiction are issued from the press daily; and the walls and open-air stalls are covered with editions of such works as "*Faublas*" and its congeners.



## A SAVAGE BEAUTY.

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It was on one of the great Eastern rivers that I made the experience you are about to hear. There are reasons, which I must not disregard, for preserving this vagueness as to the locality. But I would assure the reader, with all seriousness, that my story is true, and its moral sound. As a rule, one expects anonymous adventures,—without date or address,—to be alike amusing, scandalous, and false,—but the two latter qualities my tale decidedly has not. Strictness of fact is its justification, for the moral contained therein can necessarily be useful only to a few.

Picture to yourself a solitary canoe lying moored in the mid-waters of a great tropic river. There are now houses and towns on the banks which, at the time I knew them, were but verdant swamps, broken here or there by a tiny patch of rice-ground, a cluster of little huts, or the tall dwelling of a chief. On the evening of which I speak, ten years ago, not an European could have been found within a hundred miles of my canoe. The night fell suddenly down, dark and windy; the tide was at its highest, and only the extreme tips of the “nipas,”—that ugly sister in the graceful family of palms,—rose above the flood. My canoe was anchored above their fern-like crowns, and over it and under the stiff, awkward branches thrust themselves. The breeze moaned and whistled among them, rattling their harsh leaves together. There were as yet neither stars nor moon; the clouds seemed to hang almost on the dark surface of the water, which stretched, rippling and sighing, on either side, till its eddies were lost in an abyss of vapour. Far off, above the invisible bank, a red light glowed through the mist, and the boatmen declared that it burned in the house of a great war-chief a mile away. There was nothing to see through the dull evening vapours, except that distant fire; nor to hear, except the rustling of the wind, the bending of the “nipa” boughs, and the eager but monotonous sucking of the tide.

My boatmen lighted their fire forward. Soon it began to blaze, under the fostering of a dozen hands already numbed with cold. The red sparks leapt from swirl to swirl of the river timidly, brightened, took courage, flamed up, and irradiated a wide expanse of troubled water. My native boatmen clustered round their stone hearth as closely as the narrow sides of my canoe would suffer them. A brave and honest set they were as ever traveller loved, but most exceeding ugly. As they crouched before the fire forward, their



picturesque costumes and misshapen features outlined against the blaze and ruddy smoke, I pleased myself, lying on my mattress, with recalling the old German stories of gnomes and goblins, to which strange creatures my poor boatmen were most curiously like. But I don't know that in all my wanderings I ever felt so utterly alone, so small a speck on the great breast of nature, as that night. I watched the wreathing swathes of mist stalking over the water to my very side. I listened to the gurgling of the tide, and its steady "lap" against the gunwale, and I thought of times and faces in pleasant Europe with a sort of despair.

Suddenly, my meditation was broken by a pealing "Ho—o!" from the mid-darkness. My boatswain answered the unseen challenger, and held a short conversation with him in the dialect of the interior; then, addressing me, thus announced visitors: "The brave chief from the next reach, my lord, desires to present his slavish worship." "Tell the brave chief of the next reach," I answered, "that his slave, and all his slave's ancestors in their coffins, rejoice at this happy meeting. And pass a candle aft, if there's one left in the locker!" There was one left in the locker, which I stuck into a bottle and fixed to the gunwale. In another moment the sharp nose of a canoe shot out of the misty curtain into our red half-circle. I was used to these visits from savage chiefs, and felt little interest in the strangers. Their courtesy entailed a certain diminution of my precious stores, specially of spirits and tobacco, and an uncertain sacrifice of other valuables. Not that these naked friends of mine stole! But they had a horribly frank habit of asking point blank for aught that took their fancy, and it was not an easy, nor perhaps quite a safe thing, to disappoint them. Therefore, though prepared to give current value for the presents which this worthy chief was sure, under any circumstances, to send next day, I could easily have dispensed with his courteous visit over-night.

There were three persons, I saw, in the approaching canoe. Two paddled, and the third sat aft. I did not look particularly. My boatmen had hastily raised over me the thatch, called "*Kajong*," which protects a traveller from the sun; this ceremony was no doubt proper under the circumstances, but it had the effect of limiting my view. The canoe grated alongside my larger craft, but the deep shadow cast by the "*kajongs*," hid from me the appearance of its occupants. I raised myself in the cross-legged position which the Eastern voyager so soon acquires, and prepared a neat oration. In another moment a tall, muscular old man emerged from the darkness, rested his hand lightly on the gunwale of my boat, and stepped in, with no more commotion than is caused by walking aboard a three-decker. "The brave chief of the next reach," observed my boatswain ceremoniously, and I greeted the worthy old man with a smile and a shake of the hand. He sat down at the farther side of

the boat, silently, but in great and visible contentment. I prepared to assail him with certain statistical questions, such as, I assure you, these savages are neither perplexed to hear, nor unable to answer. "How many fighting men follow you?" I was about to ask, when another hand was placed upon the gunwale—another figure came up suddenly from the dark river, and stepped with ease upon my rickety craft. "The wife of the brave chief who lives on the next reach," announced the boatswain, who sat crouched beneath the kajongs. I smiled and shook hands. The wife took a place beside her husband with a familiar confidence pleasant to see. "How many fighting——" I was interrupted again! My left hand rested on the gunwale, instinctively placed there when the "brave chief's wife" boarded me, to counteract any ugly lurch which her unskilfulness might cause. On this hand was suddenly placed another, belonging evidently to a person outside my boat. So small and slender were those fingers that thus clasped mine, so soft and dainty and delicate,—all the blood in my body tingled; for I thought, surely 'tis the hand of a mermaid!—a Lorely! But no! A third visitor rose from the darkness,—rose, resting its hand still on mine,—rose and stood upright before me, framed in the velvety blackness of the night. It was the figure of a young girl, sixteen years of age at most, which thus stood up suddenly before me, sparkling, shining, in the candle-light. She was simply clad in a short petticoat of woollen stuff, which did not quite reach the knee. Her arms and wrists were encircled with many bracelets of gold and shell, and ornaments of brass; it was a crime so to overload them, for their shape was worthy of Hebe. Round and round her slender waist a chain of small gold rattles was twisted, which tinkled faintly with each motion. Her graceful head had no covering, except such coils of fine black hair as three English women might with joy have shared among themselves. The hair was not parted, but drawn back from the forehead, and tied in a smooth knot, with a quantity of strongly-scented flowers; the ends fell in a shower behind, almost to her waist. This fashion, which civilized ladies are just adopting, is the common coiffure of the land I speak of. The girl's features were perfect, from low, round forehead to dimpled chin! And wholly European in character, save that no eyes of our zone could laugh with such velvet softness, nor plead with humility so irresistible. For this young savage's face shone down upon me with dewy lips parted in a timid smile, and innocent, saucy eyes, that said, plainly as words: "Am I not pretty? You are a great lord, and almost more than man, but you cannot refuse me a place in your canoe!" And all the while she kept her little soft hand in mine, while I stared dimly upwards, marvelling at her loveliness.—"The daughter of the brave chief who lives on the next reach!" gravely announced my boatswain from under the kajongs.

"The daughter of the brave chief who lives on the next reach is welcome to her slave's resting-place!" I said, with an affectation of mighty indifference. But the attempt failed, I suspect, for my boatmen forward, who had, like all their race, a true Italian interest in the minutest *affaire de cœur*, laughed gently as they sat beside their fire, and stole a glance aft. But the little beauty was too profoundly conscious of her own value, personal and political, to care one straw for the impertinence of mere boatmen. She murmured a few words, in a voice sweet as the lips from which it issued, and received a merry answer from her father. Then she looked down at me with a joyous smile, and, putting her foot on the gunwale—Ah! but I cannot leave that foot undescribed. Would I were a poet, gifted with Theophile Gautier's skill to celebrate the divinity of form! His fervour I feel in recalling the vision of that fairy foot, but not a tone of that wondrous voice have I. What was it that enraptured me?—a foot!—a member common to all animals, and sufficiently despised.

I will give the measurement of it, as taken afterwards. The girl was of ordinary height, four feet ten or so; her foot lay easily in my hand,—that is, was something under seven inches long. When I closed my grasp on that daintiest of prizes, my second finger and thumb could meet within an inch round the instep, or, by an exercise of some little strength, could be made to touch. But what is measurement of lines and inches in a work of supremest art? Colour and shape and exquisite life give the charm. The prettiest of English feet, white as milk, and veined with sapphire, is to the little dusky limb of an Eastern girl as an elaborate marble of Canova's to the small bronze gem I hold within my hand. That child's foot revealed to the acute beholder great facts in ethics, on which big books have been written, and big arguments expended. He saw there expressed the suppleness of her race, the grace and delicacy that shuns exertion, the activity which, with hare-like speed, distances our tortoise-pace; and he saw, besides, the hurried, nervous circulation, and the fragility of structure. But, indeed, that little foot, resting still on my gunwale, was a bronze of the best period roused to life. The skin was smooth and polished as metal, and the tone, save where its natural colour was subdued by a tinge of henna or turmeric, matched that of Corinthian brass. The ankle was worthy of the foot. Such graceful lines, "attaches" so prettily rounded, I never hope to see again in living flesh: instep arched as an Arab's, lean and smooth like his; toes, not crushed together, nor curled up, nor pressed out of all roundness by the habit of boots; neither spread abroad like a negro's, but each standing slightly apart, lithe, tremulous, dimpled as an infant's at each joint. The nails were carefully polished, and regular as those of a hand; a stain of henna gave to them the very tones of agate. Ah, such an exquisite foot!

She stepped on board, laughing merrily, and sat behind her father.

The old folks talked of their barbarous politics,—how the neighbouring tribes were threatening to renounce their allegiance to a chief now aged. Insidious propositions were made me to abide awhile, for no visible object, at their village; but not even the charms of that lovely girl who sat, all silent and submissive, by the gunwale, could tempt me to permit my name and colour to be used as a political influence among these astute, yet simple savages. Whether the daughter had been brought aboard with hopes of swaying me, I do not know, but I am inclined to think not. She was the only child at home, and the pet of this venerable chief. Besides, I doubt much whether even her parents knew or guessed what a treasure of beauty they possessed in her. That loveliness was not quite of the style most admired by these good folks. The points I have described to you are common to many, to almost all, of their women, except the features. Doubtless, had I asked the critical opinion of any dusky Don Juan round about touching the merits of this girl, he would have answered, with that superb air we see daily at the “cercle,”—“Not bad. Her mouth is too small, and never stained red with betel. Her teeth are white, which is a terrible blot, and reflects the gravest discredit on her parents. Her hair is long, and her feet are small, but Tragi’s daughter has longer tresses and tinier hands, while her teeth are black as burnt cocoa-nut can make them, and no man ever yet saw her without a crimson stain like blood upon her chin; mais pour ce qui s’appelle une dot, mon cher!”

She did not speak ten words all night, but sat under the shadows of the kajongs, and shyly watched me; smiling from time to time with such girlish grace as made my very heart stir. Now and then she laughed at some unintelligible witticism of her brave old father; a sweet, happy laugh that did one’s ears good to hear. In fact, I fell in love that night, and I know that if we had not met again, I should have returned to civilized life a victim henceforth to Byronic melancholy; feeling a desperate conviction that the only being I could ever love dwelt some fifteen thousand miles off as the crow flies, in a palm-thatched house beside an unknown river.

But I met her again. My business on this river of her father’s took me almost to its head waters, and in a month’s time I began to drop down stream again. Will you bear with me, reader, while I vent my soul in telling the delights of a canoe-voyage through the watery highways of a tropic forest? Heaven grant that before many months I may again be floating on their deep bosom! Ah, why can I not paint these scenes as vividly as they press upon my memory? I cannot, for often have I tried, and never with success. I would tell of the start at early dawn, while yet the night-mists are curling on the water,—while yet the monkeys call musically to each other in the forest-trees. I would describe the eager bustle of my boatmen getting ready for the day’s labour. I would tell how, with a wild

cheer, they dip their paddles in the chilly stream, and make the tiny craft to fly from its halting-place of over-night. Ay, I would have my companion sit by me in fancy, underneath the matted awning which obstructs the glare of early day, rifle on his knees, and glass ready to his hand. For they have keen eyes, these boatmen of mine, and long ere your dull sight discovers the creature they point out with such mute eagerness, it will have flitted through the trees and disappeared, leaving nought but a doubtful trail. Game is thick in these woods to him who has quick eyes and steady hand, but not one hoof or paw will he see who takes to the brilliant East the listless motions of Pall Mall. Hist! What does he whisper with such still excitement, that brown "serang" squatted on the bows? Steady behind! The eager paddlers cease their clanking stroke, hush the broad jest and extemporised song. They dip their paddles with such skill, that velvet sinking into oil would make a splash as loud. Without a sound we glide above the water, steadily, as with a wish, onwards. The "serang's" outstretched hand guides our eyes to a black-shadowed reach, where the water sleeps and rots, overgrown with fleshy leaves and pallid, unwholesome flowers, taking no colour from the sun. What is there? Too well we know our trusty boatswain to fear false alarms from him. We strain our eyes; and at length, beneath the deepest shade, just where that dark-leaved shrub drops its pendulous boughs into the stream beside the fallen trunk, all clothed in ferns and orchids and many-coloured fungi, that lies rotting in the eddy,—we think to trace a shadowy outline as of some monster crouched along the ground. Gently, silently, we drop down. The quick-sighted monkeys have fled this spot, and far in the distance we can hear their clashing progress through the tree-tops. The very birds are still. Gradually, gradually, a fulvous coat defines itself against the oily-green leaves. There is on all nature a hush that may be felt. Round and eager eyes, widely-distended now, half in fear and half in threat, gleam iridescent in the dusky nook. We can see the flash of white teeth between lips drawn back,—we can almost hear the "spitting," like an angry cat's, which welcomes us to this solitude. Now is the moment! Up rifle, both together! With a savage snarl he turns and shows all his spotted side. Now,—now! And the panther,—“trots airily away with his tail upraised, and considerable contempt depicted on his features!”

This is your exclamation, doubtless, but the cruel facts of memory should not be allowed to mingle with the bright picture of imagination. I have missed many easy shots in stern reality, but in my simplest dream I'd scorn to introduce a rifle not warranted to carry twenty miles, and true as death. But if you will have it so, we'll leave the panther in his wood, and pursue our voyage.

The day grows on to noontide! Ashore, every living thing has sought the shade and rests therein; but we, gliding ever downwards

with the stream, hug the reedy banks where great trees overhang and shelter us ; and so press on. Flowers are over us, and under, and around ; unnamed weeds, but the more beautiful in our sight for the world's ignorance of them. Lilies, blue and red and white, of every shape and every size, sleep on the surface of "back-waters" and warm, stagnant pools beside the river : of such calm spots now and then we catch a glimpse through some arch of tufted reeds, or under the green-fringed bridge of a fallen tree. No man "hath come since the making of the world" to see the beauty here. For beauty there is, in these little solitary ponds, more exquisite than human skill can imitate. Ah ! but there are other denizens than the sweet flowers and the pretty "Hylæ" and the honest, loud-throated bull-frogs. Great snakes dwell here and twine themselves among the lily-roots. Colourless monsters they are, with scales mouldy, as from long solitude ; but now and again appears among these hideous dwellers a brilliant, jewelled, golden creature, from the swift stream near by. He dashes round the pond in high impatience and disdain, raising his shiny head, and seeking the outlet with wicked eyes that gleam like fire. Sometimes the horrid creatures of the pool, the sickly-looking snakes and enormous worms,—yet more ghastly than the others in their foul softness,—grow jealous of the gemmed intruder, and set on him with hooked teeth and whip-like tails and deadly poison. Then, to one who stands by, a terrible sight is given. Now on the surface, now in the still depths below, the merciless fight goes on. The hunted reptile darts hither and thither, plunges headforemost down among the lily-roots, springs into the air, twists through his foes with exquisite activity. They, the foul crowd, in chase ! They swim against one another, they bite and strike in their vexation or in payment of outstanding feuds. Though each enemy be three times his size, yet is this brilliant stranger, armed with a subtler venom, more than a match for any two of them ; but numbers prevail, and unless he find in time the grass-grown entrance to the pool, he commonly falls a victim to the outraged ugliness of the indwellers. Yet in general one might stay long beside these still and flower-grown waters without discovering a trace of the monsters they contain. Pretty sights are those most common on their banks. In the dawn and at eventide a hundred curious, graceful creatures come here to slake their thirst. Chattering monkeys slide down a creeper, and, thus suspended in mid air, drink from their small, hollow hands ;—glancing ever round, above, below, with eyes of quick suspicion, pausing each instant, chattering uninterruptedly to reassure themselves. Birds of every size and hue flutter o the shallows, and drink gratefully. Big herons and huge white cranes stalk about and chase the little bull-frogs in their muddy nests. Squirrels,—from the small beauty not bigger than a mouse, to that vast fellow with the crimson stripe along his sides,—hop about the banks, sucking the

buds and roots of water-plants. Deer, too, sometimes visit this spot, when hunters or wild beasts have scared them from their favourite stream. Butterflies hover over it; orchids trail their blossoms down almost to its surface. There is more beauty than horror here. I was wrong to put those snakes first in the description.

And then afternoon comes on, and evening. The alligators slide down in their oily manner from the sand-banks, as the declining sun begins to leave the river. And then, then, what wondrous effects of golden light succeed! How keen the blue shadows! How mysteriously dim each long vista of the trees! The sunshine seems almost to drip in liquid gold from twig to twig and leaf to leaf, as it breaks through some tiny gap in the overarching foliage. Redder that light grows, and redder; darker the shadows; the air more full of life. A scream breaks the forest stillness,—of what tortured animal none can guess. Roused by that signal, birds of prey that fly by night wheel suddenly out from their retreats, and swing across the river. Night-hawks shoot into the air, turn over, and sweep down along the watery surface, noiselessly as the moths they seek; save now and again a faint twitter shows their thanksgiving for a prey. Then, a little later, when the topmost boughs are blazing in red flames, and all below is dim and misty, the mosquitos sally forth, the bull-frogs wake and sound the key-note of their night-long chorus. Fireflies, by one and two, flit across the grass, vanishing and reappearing. Presently, as it grows darker, they come forth in swarms, and hover round some tree that has attractions for their kind. It is beautiful to watch the sudden flash of light from the thousands of these little insects, illumining the darkness for an instant,—going out, and throbbing forth again. Oh, I could dilate by the hour on the glory of the tropics! There only does one see the pride of life, and the true lust of the eyes. But my readers grow impatient!

It was perhaps a month after the visit to my canoe. I was descending the stream, and had reached a point some fifty miles above the dwelling of my savage beauty. The day was at its hottest, but for ten minutes we had been conscious of an unnatural noise, which swelled through the forest like the noise of men cheering, laughing, singing;—in fact, like the roar of a multitude. We were prepared for any event, when the canoe, suddenly shooting round a point, came in view of a very large native house, evidently crammed with people, all evidently drunk. "This is a great feast, my lord," exclaimed my servant. It may have been. Most certainly it was the noisiest gathering I ever assisted at. "Keep to the other side the river, and slip past, if possible," I ordered. But to escape was hopeless. The men of the festive party were, indeed, far too drunk to feel sure of their vision at the distance, but a troop of girls stood by the river-side, laughing, comparing notes, overlooking their coiffure, and criticising their friends' costume, just as do civilized belles in like



case ; save that these simple children of the forest had no mirror but the limpid stream, nor any dress to speak of, except flowers and beads. No hope of eluding those bright eyes ! But unless some well-known warrior were summoned to their aid from the house, I had little fear the girls would dare to address a white man. " Spin along ! " I cried, and we flew past.

But the attempt proved vain ! A slender, silvery voice called aloud across the water by the name these savages had given me. Discovered, I had to submit, and unwillingly gave the word to pull ashore. The girls scattered as we drew in, some running away in real or affected panic, some laughing hysterically at a distance. But the greater number rushed together, and stood in a compact body, holding each other tight. " Who called me ? " I asked gaily, approaching the phalanx. Direful confusion and dismay resulted. After somewhat of a struggle in the mid recesses of the crowd, a slender girl was silently thrust out, while the others looked at me with speechless anguish. The victim thus abandoned, held her hands before her face, and all her graceful frame, scarcely concealed by clothing, trembled, so that I could hear the rattling of her innumerable golden ornaments ; but whether her emotion was of fear or mirth I could not tell. In either case the situation might well embarrass a shy man like me. Not knowing what to do with this slender child, and profoundly discomforted by a score of dilated eyes fixed on me from the one side, while on the other I could hear my boatmen laughing to themselves, I boldly seized her in my arms, and pulled apart her hands. It was the heroine of my fancy ! She looked up at me with eyes brimful of terror,—whether genuine, or assumed as a likely weapon by the little flirt, I have no idea. Do not think that the white race has a monopoly of arts ; there are few tricks in social optics which Hindoos, Malays, and niggers are not thoroughly alive to.

While considering what I should say or do, the damsel broke from me, and ran at topmost speed towards the house, screaming with laughter. At this example, all the young girls dismissed their terrified expression, and loudly joined the outburst. I stood,—it is not to be denied,—in some confusion, feeling, indeed, cut to the heart, as much by the indelicacy of this action as by the proof it gave that no favourable impression had been made on my adored one's fancy. This perturbation of mind was not relieved by the frankness of my serang, who observed, with the calmness befitting an undeniable statement of facts, " The girls make a fool of your lordship ! " I turned to regain my canoe, and hurry from this scene, but a dozen potent chiefs, with their gold-fringed head-handkerchiefs all awry, their necklaces wrong side before, and their dress in an indescribable confusion, came to entreat my presence at the feast. To refuse was impossible. I followed them into the house.

All intelligent creatures drink, and most of them get drunk from

time to time. High reason, true morality, the best medical opinions, and the experience of every man, in vain combine to discourage the practice. Daily are we told that the custom is extinct, never to come to life again in civilized communities. Daily we read such assertions, and no man dreams of contradicting them, because everyone knows the truth too well. People drank in all ages, to excess from time to time, and they will continue so to do till the Millennium.

But if any sight on this round earth could cause the British Parliament to pass Sir Wilfred Lawson's Bill, and could persuade the English people to accept it,—that sight was before me when I entered the house. Of this we will say no more, in charity to my savage but generous hosts.

You will have observed the young lady's shocking rudeness to me at the water-side. Nothing creates in my mind a more abrupt revolution than hoydenish conduct. If the Venus de Medici in flesh laughed loud, or maliciously, or in the wrong place, I should flee from her. I cite the Medicean Venus, because, looking critically at that young person, I could believe her to be not too well bred. Fancy Milo's goddess mistaking her "*monde!*" It cost me a severe mental struggle to admit excuses for this very doubtful conduct of my Hebe. To laugh loud; to laugh loud and run away; to laugh loud and run away from *me*,—showed excessively bad taste. But I was overcome in meeting her at the threshold. Such soft penitence was expressed in her swimming eyes, such graceful mutinerie about her mouth! as though to say, "Please forgive me; if you won't, I know how to avenge myself!" I longed to clasp her in my arms again, and vowed that she should not escape so easily next time. I walked up the long verandah of the house, escorted by her father, and numerous chiefs, as distinguished, I was told, as I saw they were drunk. They set me in the place of honour, where the reek was strongest, and the sun most fearful. Half-a-dozen of the leading men held me upright with touching care, and I, so far as my limited supply of members went, reciprocated the service. There were two brawny fellows who supported me under the arms. Both of them I held up by hand. There was another valorous warrior who insisted that a prop was needed for my back, and nearly pushed me down, face foremost, in his endeavour to sustain himself. Putting my legs apart, and leaning forward, I supported him also. "How long is this to last?" I asked the *serang*, who was treated in much similar manner by warriors of less note. "They're going to perform some tom-foolery," replied the Mussulman sullenly, for their idolatrous rites entailed upon his orthodox conscience an infinite amount of supererogatory prayer. Meanwhile, my tawny belle had taken a place opposite to mine, and there stood, watching me with great eyes.

I won't tell what the ceremony was. Drinking was its commence-

ment, singing its mid course, and getting drunk its logical conclusion. Among other absurdities, etiquette required that a large bowl of liquor should be placed on my head. I insisted that the vessel should be empty. The dispute grew respectfully hot; but it was at length terminated by the utter overthrow of bowl, liquid, and bearer, by a drunken chief in a red petticoat. The young lady had been much interested in this discussion, and did not hesitate to pronounce in strong language her opinion of those engaged. "What does she say?" I asked of my serang. He gave a slang translation of her words. The language, though not actionable, was by no means what one likes to hear from a "young person." Nevertheless, when I found time to look at her, and marked the perfect and artistic repose in which she leant against a pillar,—her moulded arms raised above her head, and one exquisitely-shaped ankle crossed upon the other,—I felt that almost any crime must be pardoned to such a creature. I stepped across, and, looking on her smooth and rounded shoulders, could not resist temptation,—I put my arm round her neck,—en tout honneur, s'il vous plait!—Picture, if you can, my horrified surprise to find the pretty yellow colour of her skin "come off" on my white sleeve! "What the devil's this?" I asked of my serang. "Turmeric, my lord!" he answered promptly. That was a great blow!

I overcame the emotion by an effort. With the tenderest expression I looked down into her eyes, which smiled shyly back to mine. I started. Those beautiful lids, so thickly fringed with silk, were unmistakably stained. "What the devil's this?" I asked of my serang. "Burnt cocoa-nut, my lord," he calmly answered. Again I felt a shock!

It needed a certain moral courage longer to contend. Yet I kept my place. Suddenly the young girl broke from my arm, and pursued a stalwart slave, reeling down the house with a bundle of tobacco, and a basket of maize leaves. Him she overhauled, and from his load snatched a handful of either substance, wrapped the tobacco in the dry leaf with a swift motion, thrust one end of the cigarette thus made into a blazing hearth, and returned to me, leisurely puffing at her prize. This was the third blow!

Still I held fast to my illusion, and entered into conversation with the houri. She muttered a few frightened words in answer to my remarks, and stood with downcast eyes, the very image of innocence and propriety. On a sudden, a rush of warriors took place behind us, and one burly fellow, most notably excited with strong drink, clasped my companion round the waist, and dashed down the long verandah with her. "Is that her brother, or her lover?" I asked of my serang. "Probably neither, my lord!" he answered. I looked on this profanation with eyes indignant, and disgust expressed in my features. She laughed, the houri! At the extreme end of the house, another partner, drunk as the first, seized hold of her, passed

his braceleted arm round her delicate waist, and "rushed" her up the verandah once more. She paused beside me, breathless, her eyes dancing with glee! There was not the slightest trace of shame on her countenance! And yet these ruffians who had taken such a freedom on themselves, were as nearly drunk as a man can be to stand upright. I was utterly overwhelmed. I hastened from the house, leapt aboard my canoe, and vanished down-stream. I did not expect to see my dusky Hebe any more, nor, at the moment, did I greatly wish to do so.

But a month after, I found myself once more in her neighbourhood, having ascended the river again, aboard a native gun-boat. We had with us a fine, tall warrior, who gave himself out as son to the "brave chief" of whom I have spoken. On making inquiries, I found this fellow was half-brother to my dusky Hebe. Arrived at the nearest point to his father's house, I put myself in a canoe with him, and paddled up the stream; not wholly unconscious of a certain thrill at heart. We reached the spot, and landed. The old chief sallied out, with all his household, warriors and slaves. It was somewhat touching to see that recognition of the long-lost heir, for the youth in our charge had been captured by pirates long since, and reduced to slavery. But I looked still for the fairy form, which, in spite of all, haunted my fancy. She came at length, bounding from the jungle: her long hair loosed, and streaming to the ground, her eyes afire with eagerness and excitement. She threw herself into her brother's stalwart arms, nestled to his bosom, and cried with girlish vehemence. And when at length the first emotion had subsided, she drew back a little, still encircled by a loving clasp, to view the stately fellow we had restored to her, and then threw herself again upon his breast, and—and——

"Kissed him, of course!" you exclaim, my hearer.

Not at all! Deliberately and thoughtfully she smelt him all over! It was too much. Thus was I disenchanted with "lovely savages."

It will not be necessary to point out the more obvious moral; but there is one which was lately explained to me,—myself, the hero of the story. I had told it to a lady, much as I have told it you, reader. When I had concluded, she remarked, with some emphasis:—"Let me give you a piece of advice, Mr. Peregrin. In telling this tale again give dates and localities frankly, for fear of misconstruction. And, further, I would recommend you not to cling overmuch to this life below, since, savage or civilized, the feminine nature shocks your taste. Perhaps among the real angels you may find a non-masculine creature, who powders not, nor brightens her eyes, nor talks slang, nor smokes, nor loves either waltzing or scent. With mere earthly women of this day your search would be hopeless!"

This was the moral a lady gave me.

## ARMY REFORM.

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THE papers "by a Private Dragoon," entitled "Christmas in a Cavalry Regiment," in your January, and on "Army Reform," in your April number, are particularly deserving of attention.\* They are obviously genuine. If any one desires to look into the interior of that peculiar social state called "barrack life," or to know from what point of view questions relating to the army, now agitating the upper ten thousand, are regarded by the soldier himself, these papers afford a rare opportunity of gratifying this reasonable curiosity. Those who possess this sort of experience are seldom able to describe it, while those who have the necessary literary qualifications have no pretensions to the experience. I thankfully accept the instructive and interesting result, without being too curious to inquire what the circumstances were which led to this combination of opposite qualities. The pictures are drawn by a first-rate hand. There is a raciness in them which reminds even of the mother-wit of Cobbett. The bitterness only is wanting, for our private soldier has fallen upon happier times.

These papers illustrate a remarkable trait of the English character. There is no class of English society round which so hard and fast a line has been drawn as the private soldier. In every other occupation there is a future for thrift and ability; but between the soldier and the officer a gulf is fixed which cuts off privates and non-commissioned officers from those prospects of advancement which are the ornament and charm of life. It is now proposed to remove this barrier, and to bring within the view of the soldier the honours and rewards of the public service, both military and civil. To many this may have appeared a severe, perhaps even a dangerous, trial to the temper and discipline of the soldier. We know what was the consequence in France of the proposal to establish this same principle of *carrière ouverte aux talents*. But how is it here in England? Has the soldier shown any symptoms of relaxed discipline? Is he even unduly elated at the prospect unexpectedly opened to him? So far is this from being the case, that the prospect is deliberately repudiated by a soldier of more than ordinary intelligence, who would profit by the new openings if anybody would. There is a strong expression of gratitude, but the gift is refused.

\* There is also a thoughtful and instructive, but less sparkling article, in the number for April, 1868, by "A Dragoon on Furlough," on "The Private Soldier as he is."

Can this, which seems so contrary to the general principles of human nature, be accepted as a genuine expression of English feeling? We believe it can. Those who predicted that, whatever might be the nature of the franchise, Englishmen would be Englishmen still, showed that they understood their countrymen. There is no dangerous democratic class in this country in the French revolutionary sense. We are a people of unbroken traditions. There is no class among us which is not amenable to the influence of rank, and wealth, and education, and to the embodiment of all these in the feudal notion of the gentleman; and the lower we go in the social scale, the more our people are charmed with the magic of these names. Therefore, in accepting his inferior social position as a matter of course, and disclaiming any intention of "interfering with the privileges of the gentry," our Private Dragoon is in harmony with the prevailing spirit of his countrymen. We are essentially a conservative and aristocratic people. We are even more than this. We are to this day a feudal people, and the impress of that remarkable Norman race is still deep and sharp in our souls. The bad side of this is flunkeyism; but occasional instances of flunkeyism are outweighed by the order, stability, and good understanding between the different classes of the community, which are also a direct result. These good fruits we are now reaping in the freedom and confidence with which we are proceeding to the reconstruction of our army. The pressure which urges to this great and necessary work is not from below, but from above. We can determine at our leisure what ought to be done, exempt from fear of undue excitement or misunderstanding, and feeling certain that any additional benefit which it may be in our power to confer upon our soldiers will be accepted with gratitude. With these preliminary remarks I will briefly examine the arguments of our Dragoon.

The Dragoon truly says, "The barrack-room is the purest of democracies;" but then he goes on to draw the inference, "Therefore it is difficult to see how it can be made the reflex of a nation which is proverbially the reverse of democratic." To this I have two answers: 1st. When irreclaimable blackguards have been eliminated, and the army has been made a profession for classes above the lowest, by opening military and civil promotion to men from the ranks, the tone of the barrack-room will be improved; and, 2nd. There is no pursuit of civil life in which our aristocracy do not drop their exclusiveness, and co-operate freely with the classes below them. Nay, they do it in the most numerous section of the army,—the volunteers. The Prussian and Austrian armies are more aristocratic than ours; yet, with the exception of a few sons of military men from the cadet colleges, who are generally regarded as prigs, all officers begin in the ranks, and are passed for their commissions according to their conduct in the ranks. On duty the prince stands

side by side with the tailor or the shoemaker; off duty he exercises the common privilege of choosing his own comrades, who may either be gentlemen born or tailors; for old William of Wyckham's "manners maketh man," is as applicable to the army as it is to public schools and colleges, and other assemblages of equals for the time being.

The Dragoon then remarks that the blanks in the military lottery always bear so large a proportion to the prizes, and there are so many other openings for enterprising and persevering young men of the middle and lower-middle classes, that, in order to induce them to enter the army, they must "be sure of at least as substantial advantages as would attend energy and perseverance in the civilian world." But young men of every class, and especially "enterprising and persevering" young men, have generally sufficient reliance on their good fortune; and this confidence on the part of men in the ranks will be justified when every man, intellectually and morally eligible, will be entitled to military or civil promotion according to his qualifications. The great defect in the argument I am now answering, however, is that it leaves entirely out of account "the pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war." This is the last oversight I should have expected from a "bold dragoon, with his long sword, saddle, bridle," &c. While men, and still more, while women have their imaginations filled with military adventure and prestige, "substantial advantages," equal to those obtainable "in the civilian world," will not be required to attract young men into the army. Many a poor curate can testify that even the Church is paid partly in honour. For the remuneration of the army we are notoriously largely indebted to the "cheap defence of nations." All this will remain the same; but the "substantial advantages" will be greatly increased by throwing open to the ranks the higher military promotion, as well as a large amount of civil promotion, both in and out of the army.

The next argument supposes "that the strength of the army is some 180,000 men, and that the gaps in such a force are not to be filled up by occasional adventurous exudations from the classes whose business it is to rent farms, push business in Mincing Lane, and buy and sell broadcloth." Any person who will invest a penny in buying my recent pamphlet, which is a synopsis of a previous shilling one,\* will see that,—with the exception of India, and the garrisons on the road to India, which are subject to exceptional conditions, both as

\* The complete series, the perusal of which is necessary for the full understanding of my case, is as follows:—

"The Purchase System in the British Army." 2nd Edition, with Additions. 1867. Longmans, Green, & Co. Price 1s.

"The British Army in 1868." 4th Edition. Longmans, Green, & Co. Price 1s.

"A Standing, or Popular Army." 1869. Bell and Daldy, York Street, Covent Garden. Price One Penny.



regards the duration of service and the inducements to recruits,—the army which I contemplate will be composed of a small force for the purpose of instruction, and a large trained reserve, so that the numbers at any one time on foot will be very limited compared with the present force. All the rest will follow their civil avocations, with their wits sharpened and their bodies invigorated by a year's experience of the drill-yard, the gymnasium, the rifle range, the lecture-room, and, if their previous education was not up to the mark, the schoolroom. There would, of course, be a few days' exercise now and then to keep their hands in; but, if Prussian military opinion is to be trusted, once in three years would suffice. The result of the long experience that nation has had of the training of popular armies is, that when a man has once been properly trained, he remains a soldier to the end of his life; and that the annual assembling of corps d'armée is required, not so much to exercise the men, as to teach the officers to handle their men. The case is different with our militia under the present system, for they are not properly trained at first, and they never can be by any number of repetitions of the annual twenty-seven days.

It is also an entire misapprehension of the change of system advocated by me, to suppose that I rely, in any considerable degree, upon "the classes whose business it is to rent farms, push business in Mincing Lane, and buy and sell broadcloth." At present the army may be said to be recruited entirely from the residuum of our population. Artisans and mechanics will not look at it. The cases have even become rare in which ordinary agricultural labourers enlist otherwise than under the exceptional circumstances which send the rag end of every class into the army. The West of England used to be one of our best recruiting grounds, but the marines are now almost the only corps heard of there; and even Ireland is failing us. Between the class which now enlists in the army and the mercantile, shopkeeping, and farming class, the bulk of our population is to be found. When the army is made a career for agricultural labourers, for artisans, for the large class which lives by railway, police, mercantile and domestic service, and for the majority of those who emigrate to America and Australia, our national force will be placed on a safe footing. Till then we are living from hand to mouth, on such waifs and strays as the troubled sea may cast up.

I deny that "the British army as it exists to-day" is "as efficient as we could hope to make it by 'nationalising' it," even "so far as regards its regimental constituents, i.e., officers and men." It is not so efficient as we hope to make it in respect to numbers, inasmuch as less than 40,000 fully-trained men could at present be sent into the field, whereas we ought to be able to send at least 400,000, to balance, with the help of our fleet, the 800,000 whom the Emperor

of the French can bring to the front. It is not so efficient as we hope to make it in respect to the capacity of the men to endure the hardships of campaigning, or to come up to the higher standard of activity required by the recent improvements in the art of war, because a large proportion of our soldiers are going on from ten to twenty-one years' service, and would have to be invalided in large numbers in the event of war. Lastly, the British army is not so efficient as we hope to make it in reference to its officers, because the purchase system, which we propose to abolish, substitutes a money test for that of service and personal qualification, and stands in the way of the establishment of proper standards of work and personal attainment, enabling the officer to impose his own terms on the Government, instead of taking them from it.

Our Dragoon then says that as "the regimental officers and the rank and file . . . are drawn from the two most useless classes of society," the pay accepted by them "under no conceivable circumstances could be lower than it is now;" that "the country gets the use, as officers, of her independent gentlemen, for a wage which is little more than nominal;" and the result is that the British army is "cheaper than it would be were it nationalised thoroughly." "I refer exclusively," he says, "to the regimental constituents of the service. The staff, honorary colonelcies, and such-like riders upon the estimates, I take no concern with." There is an old English proverb about "cheap service" which I will not quote. The equivalent of nominal pay is nominal service. But, although nominal to the officer, because he has bought it at its full value in the purchase of his commission, the wage is by no means nominal to the country which pays it. Even as regards "the regimental constituents," the low standard of work and long leaves of absence consequent upon the "nominal wage" received by the "independent gentlemen," oblige us to have a great many more of them than would otherwise be necessary.

But is our Dragoon right in disclaiming all concern with the "riders upon the estimates?" These "riders" sit heavy upon the overburdened tax-payer, for they constitute a large portion of the estimates. The main cause of the excessive amount of this class of expenditure is the necessity we are under of compensating both those who pay for their commissions and those who are passed over for want of the means of paying. Hence the strange anomaly of the "unattached list," to which officers are promoted, at the discretion of the Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of State for War, without any reference to vacancies upon a fixed establishment,—that is, without any reference to their being wanted,—until the number of our military officers far exceeds the possibility of employing them. The huge list of about 17,000 officers in the index to Hart's annual Army List will be a marvel to

future generations.\* Notwithstanding a lavish application of the superabundant material wherever even a semblance of work can be obtained, hundreds of officers in the prime of life are condemned to lead idle, useless lives at the expense of the public; and the stagnation consequent upon the excessive numbers is so great, that the last appointed colonel cannot be expected to be promoted to be a general officer within the next quarter of a century.

Indeed, the case is much worse than this. The abandonment in this country of the sound old principle of fixing an "establishment" suited to the wants of the service, and promoting only to vacancies upon it, led to the adoption of a corresponding change in India after the transfer of that country to the Crown. The rule was introduced that the officers of each rank in the three staff corps, substituted for the regimental cadres, were to be promoted and pensioned after fixed periods of service, without reference to vacancies. The result is that intermediate retirements have almost ceased; and, confining our view to the existing officers, after deducting three per cent. for casualties, there will be about 1,080 major-generals, colonels, and lieutenant-colonels in the year 1878, and only 540 majors and 117 captains; and, in the year 1890, there will be 720 field officers drawing colonel's pension and allowances, and costing, at £1,124 each, the enormous sum of £809,280 per annum, besides £160,000 per annum more for the colonels' pension and allowances of the local officers of cavalry and infantry. This, I repeat, only relates to the existing officers; for the appointment of probationers has at last commenced in good earnest, and large numbers of additional officers will surge up subject to the same conditions. Even if English taxpayers are so enamoured of the existing military system as to tolerate the indefinite creation of fresh charges, it is hard to make their Indian fellow-subjects, who do not take the same view, bear a still greater burden.

The effect of the new Indian rule upon promotion is equally remarkable. By Royal Warrant of the 15th June, 1864, officers of the staff corps who attained the rank of lieutenant-colonel subsequently to the 18th February, 1861, are placed on the general list of colonels of the British army, and under this warrant upwards of ninety staff corps brevet-colonels have already been transferred to this list. Deducting casualties at three per cent., there will be nearly 900 brevet-colonels on the Indian establishment in 1883. These will all be transferred to the British list of colonels, and the result will be, that promotion to the rank of major-general, which is already removed, by more than a quarter of a century, from the officers last

\* This enormous list includes the officers of the Commissariat and other administrative departments, and about a thousand retired General and Field officers, but it is exclusive of the Militia and Volunteers, and of the officers of the three Indian staff corps below the rank of Brevet Colonel.

added to the list of colonels, will become so distant that only a few survivors can hope to attain to it in extreme old age. The powerful action of our English and Indian administrative arrangements in creating Dead Weight is, therefore, as injurious to the officers themselves, as it is to the tax-payers who have to support this army of officers out of their substance.

To return to our Dragoon, I have explained in my penny pamphlet what would be the probable annual cost if the British army were "nationalised thoroughly." The force employed in India would be paid by India, and the remainder of the army would be constituted on the principle of maintaining strong cadres, mainly for the purpose of training and instruction, through which the able-bodied youth of the country, officers as well as men, would be passed, like flour through a mill. What the precise cost of this would be, those may say who can work out the details with the advantage of official information, but I believe that it would be about half the fifteen and a half millions which is the estimated cost of the army for this year. To this saving must be added the value of the productive labour that would be set free, and the additional value conferred upon it by being passed through the instructional course; and, taking also into account the savings which may be made in the naval and civil services, and the natural growth of the country in wealth, we may reasonably hope to establish a free breakfast and tea table, which would be an antidote to the national propensity to intoxicating drinks.

In another part of his paper the Dragoon says, "The question is whether an occasionally heightened bounty is cheaper than gratifying the natural desire of mankind to improve their condition." Nothing can, by any possibility, be cheaper than the plan I propose for the application of this principle, for it costs nothing at all. The object would be attained without creating a single new appointment, or making any addition to salary or pay, merely by opening to soldiers, according to their respective aptitudes and qualifications, the existing military, administrative, and civil promotion.

The Dragoon draws a just distinction between young men of "scores of different types who have slid to the bottom of the ladder in scores of different ways," and confirmed blackguards who are merely a detachment from the dangerous classes of civil life. To the former the army will always be a suitable means of regaining their social position; and it will be more so now than ever, because the spirit and cultivation of a certain sort, which often distinguish young men of this class, will find appropriate exercise in the career which will be opened to them. The "lawyer in a regiment" is likely, under this system, to be a less common character than heretofore. These young men are "dregs" in a very qualified sense. They only require stirring up to add both to the strength and flavour of the national beverage. It is neither possible nor desirable to "revolutionise the

barrack-room," but, by straining off the real dregs and furnishing motives for the introduction of more good stuff, the barrack-room may be made better for all concerned. The army, with its high feeding and gentlemanly leisure, is a very unsuitable place for determined roughs. This is the last class to be exempted from the common lot of humanity, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread, till thou return unto the ground." Such men ought to be relegated to the barrow and the plough, where their proud flesh may be tamed under the superintendence of the police. Our Dragoon need be under no alarm about the "raciness" of the army evaporating under the new treatment, or about its being "made a trade of, like coal-selling or book-hawking." While the army attracts men like himself, or, to speak more generally, while the military profession has a special charm for the more adventurous and light-hearted of our youth, it will continue to sparkle with the cheery, jovial humour which lights up human existence. Spirited young men are not liked better for being rakes and scapegraces.

Then come more objections to promotion from the ranks. The soldier "would sooner be kicked by a lord than civilly entreated by a mushroom man, wherein he differs not materially from his civilian countryman." The officer promoted from the ranks would know too much. He would do his own work, and that of his non-commissioned officers also. He would be "a finicking martinet." "With fussiness," he "would make his command a hell upon earth."

Our Dragoon does great injustice to his countrymen if he means that any class of them prefers an ill-regulated man of rank to a person who properly performs the duties of his station, whatever his antecedents may have been. Every other branch of English society, except the army, is filled with men who have risen to high position and influence by their personal merits only. The ironmaster, the mill-owner, the railway official, the commanders of our princely merchant ships and passenger steamers are respected and obeyed without being lords.

The other objections point to one of the greatest defects of our military system. In April, 1829, the Duke of Wellington recorded his opinion as follows:—"Indeed, we carry the principle of the gentleman, and the absence of intercourse with those under his command, so far, that, in my opinion, the duty of a subaltern officer, as done in a foreign army, is not done at all in our cavalry or infantry of the line. In the Guards it is done by the sergeants. Thus our gentleman officer, however admirable his conduct on a field of battle, however honourable to himself, however glorious and advantageous to his country, is but a poor creature in disciplining his company in camp, quarters, or cantonments. The name, the character, the conduct, the family and relations, the fortune, the situation, the mental acquirements of each of the men of his company, are not the sole objects of his thoughts, as they are of the Prussian officer in the same situation, who carries into

execution this same discipline in the company to which he belongs, with the men of which he lives as a companion, friend, and adviser."

In whatever manner officers may be appointed, there will always be some fussy, finicking martinets. The real question is whether, on the whole, the evils of knowing too little are not greater than those of knowing too much; whether personal experience of the soldiers' duties and trials, while it places the officer in a position to exercise a more searching and decisive authority, would not also dispose him to make every necessary allowance for real or apparent shortcomings. Military service can hardly be a solitary exception to the great rule of human nature, that the best school for learning how to command, is first to learn how to obey. In the Austrian, Prussian, and Russian armies, cadets,—“aspirants,” or, as they are called in Prussia, “*avantageurs*,”—perform all the duties of privates, and are promoted in the ordinary way to be non-commissioned officers before they become eligible for commissions. In the French army there are no cadets officially recognised as such, but the best of the non-commissioned officers are promoted to commissions in the proportion of one non-commissioned officer to two pupils from the military colleges, and this leads to the frequent enlisting of young men of the best families, whose advancement is quite as rapid as if they had entered through the military school at St. Cyr. An enlisted private has the privilege of presenting himself for the examination at St. Cyr two years later in life than an ordinary candidate for entrance. These are the arrangements in foreign armies, the good fruits of which were noticed with approbation by the Duke of Wellington.

As it is admitted “that seven years is a suitable duration for the first period of service,” we need not inquire whether Colonel Fitz-Wygram was right in saying that dragoons,—not riding-masters,—generally get tired of riding after fourteen years. The term of seven years will be confined to the men who enlist in the general-service battalion of each regiment, and are afterwards appointed to the *depôt* as instructors, or join the militia battalions. The ordinary case will be volunteering for a year's training at the *depôt*, with the alternative of afterwards joining the general-service battalion for seven, or the militia battalion for ten years.

I now take leave of my Dragoon with cordial good-will. He has done excellent service by stating the points for discussion in so readable a form; and as he has discovered his specialty as a military critic of no mean order, I hope he will cultivate it, and give us the benefit of his further reflections.

C. E. T.

## ON CURLING.

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Our northern neighbours are as unoriginal in their public amusements as in the accessories of their religion. Scotland's Presbyterianism, so cordially received and so deeply rooted, came from abroad along with the Geneva gown and band. The standards of its Calvinistic faith were framed at Westminster by English divines; and the Psalms sung in its churches, Established and Dissenting alike, are based upon the version of Francis Rouse, an English Puritan, who sat in the Long Parliament. In like manner, Golf, which for a long period has been a favourite Scotch game, and to which the links of St. Andrew's and the North Inch of Perth are specially consecrated, is, as its name imparts, of German origin. Curling,—to which we devote this sketch,—now more than ever extensively practised in the North during the rigorous winter season, is of more recent importation. No mention is made of it in the early literature of Scotland, nor among the preserved lists of the ancient sports of the country in the Statutes of the fifteenth century. The terms employed in the practice of the game would indicate that it was introduced from the Low Countries,—most probably by the Flemish emigrants. And just as the Scotch hold their Presbyterian polity with a zealous tenacity, so have they enthusiastically appropriated the Flemish pastime and raised it to the proud position of a national sport. It may be added, as bearing out our position of Scotch unoriginality in these matters, that the bagpipe superseded the harp,—the ancient national musical instrument,—in the reign of Queen Mary,—brought from France, it is supposed, in the foreign train of that luckless sovereign.

It is curious that Curling has never been adopted by the natives of the southern portion of this island. Generally speaking it is unknown in England,—it is, no doubt, practised in the vicinity of some of the English towns; but in most cases by Scotchmen who have crossed the Tweed. Some Englishmen, however, in favourable circumstances, have developed into keen Curlers. The game has found a firm footing in the north of Ireland, carried thither by the Scotch colonists who went over in the reign of James the First of England. Scotchmen, too, have borne it across the Atlantic, and every winter the New World witnesses exciting bonspiels. There are Curling Clubs not only in New Brunswick, the Canadas, and Nova Scotia, but in New England, New York, and other of the American States. The Royal Caledonian Club was instituted in 1838 for the purpose of



encouraging the sport,—of uniting all Curlers in a common brotherhood,—and of regulating the practice of the game by general laws. It is presided over by a Curler of high rank, usually a Scotchman. Among the noblemen of the North who have held the post may be named the late Duke of Athole, the late Earl of Eglinton, and the Earl of Mansfield. At the general meeting held in July, 1861, the Earl of Sefton was chosen President-Elect of the Royal Club—the first instance of an Englishman being raised to such high dignity. The laws promulgated by the Royal Curling Club, are adopted by all the affiliated Clubs, both in this country and in America, and it also distributes every year a number of medals to be contested for by the local Clubs. We have before us an account of a Royal medal match played by the London and Paris Clubs of Canada West, in which victory for the first time fell to the Londoners. “Curling,” writes the Secretary of the London Club,—an Englishman, by the way, and an enthusiast in the game,—to the head Society in Edinburgh, “is the only real winter sport we have in Upper Canada, and the Club of this city has done much to promote its practice.” Grand international matches are occasionally projected, and in favourable circumstances come off between the Curlers of Canada and the United States. In a letter addressed to the Secretary of the Royal Club, and dated New York, 29th of October, 1861, we find the following reference to the effect of the late war on Curling:—“We hope to have a good frosty season; but the horrid state of the country will interfere with the extension of the game, which was becoming quite popular in this neighbourhood. No members of our Club have gone to the war; but a great many from other Clubs of Scotch operatives, chiefly stonemasons, are wearing the uniform of the Union, and already some have lost their lives in the quarrel.” These troublous times are now, however, happily past, and the American Clubs continue to prosper and increase in number.

Ayrshire Curlers cross the Irish Channel to encounter their Belfast brethren in the friendly strife, and, vice versa, the men of Belfast visit the Ayrshire coast. Grand matches occasionally come off between the Curling Clubs north and south of the Forth,—in the last contest of this kind the southerners were victorious. The best and most experienced Curlers are doubtless to be found in the south of Scotland,—and especially in the south west. The counties of Ayr and Dumfries have long been noted for their superior play. Could a match between these two counties be successfully arranged and played, it would afford an exciting contest, and create an immense interest. A bonspiel was last year planned between the Dumfriesshire Curlers of Nithsdale and Annandale, but a change of weather frustrated the expected sport.

Apart from such grand matches, Curling is generally practised between the different rinks composing the local Clubs for their own

local medal or for the medal of the Royal Club, and also between the Clubs of conterminous parishes. The medal playing begins whenever ice is to be had of sufficient strength, and serves for practice, after the interval of a year, while the parish encounters, as the more serious affairs, come afterwards. Should the frost hold for a lengthened period these trials of skill become numerous. Railways now give great facilities in conveying Curlers from a distance. We have known a parish in one season beat every one of the considerable number of parishes with which it contended. The laws of the Royal Club allow of only one contest between two local Clubs in one season. The victors are, however, bound to play a second match next season if challenged; but after this return match has been played, either party is at liberty to decline playing more. The second match, as a rule, comes off on the ice of the Club of the victorious parish or district; in that case, the strangers select and lay off the rinks. The term "rink" is applied both to a side of players and to the prepared piece of ice on which the game is played.

We should here, however, describe the nature of the rink and the mode of Curling. Hard frost of two or three days' duration provides ice of sufficient thickness for playing, and which is to be found on some neighbouring loch or pond, either natural or formed for the purpose. The Curlers repair, at the appointed time, to the place of rendezvous, each provided with trampets to steady the person in the act of playing, with a besom to sweep the ice, and with two Curling stones. The stones are of granite, spherical in form, finely polished on the under side, and furnished with a handle for throwing on the upper. The weight of each stone is from about thirty-three pounds to forty or more, according to the taste or strength of the player. In order to the game the first process is to clear and prepare a suitable space of ice. A portion forty-two yards in length by some ten yards broad is marked off; at each end, thirty-eight yards apart, are cut marks called tees or witters. This portion of ice is the rink; and with circles described round each tee as a centre, to guide the eye in estimating the position of the stones when played, with one line drawn across the middle and one seven yards before each tee, it is complete and ready for playing. The line in the middle of the rink marks the place where sweeping may commence; the lines before each tee are the hog scores, which must be passed by the running stone—if not, it is removed from the rink as a hog, and held as useless for the round. Four players form a side, headed by a skip, or director, who is in fact the commander-in-chief of his corps. The principle of the game is simple. The stones of either party played from one tee to the other, and found at the conclusion of the round to be nearest the tee, count as shots. A game is generally reckoned as twenty-one shots; the side which first makes good that number claims the victory. But to give an idea of actual operations. The player on one side is followed alternately by

the player on the other, until all the eight players have cast their stones. It is the aim of the leader on either side standing at the one tee, or a yard to two behind it, to place his stone in a vantage position near to or some short distance in front of the opposite tee. Should the first stone of the first player be favourably placed,—and it remains untouched by the play of his opponent,—it will be his endeavour to put down a guard some distance before it, so as to prevent its removal. If he does so, the opponent will probably be directed by his skip to remove the guard, that the winner or nearest stone to the tee may be struck away by the next player of that side. This may be done, and so fairly that the striking stone rests in the place of the one struck away. It will then be the aim of the other side in turn to guard this stone which has become the winner; and so the struggle may continue till all have cast their stones. As the stones are played and lie in all manner of positions around the tee the game gets much more complicated than we have indicated, and requires much knowledge and the nicest calculation in giving directions, and the utmost care and precision of aim on the part of the player. The stones may be so mixed that an attempt to remove the winner of the one side, if unsuccessful, may result in yet greater damage to the other. When a stone lies close to the tee, and is so thoroughly guarded as to be impregnable to a direct stroke, it may yet be removed by a dexterous inwick. The inwick is effected by designing a stone some distance in front of the tee, and out of the direct line, and forming with the tee an angle of forty-five degrees, more or less. A stone played with skill upon a stone so placed, may diverge direct upon the winner resting on the tee, as at once to remove it and lie dead in its place. This is one of the finest points in the game of Curling. A good Curler, when his hand is in, may be depended upon to take the shot by an inwick. The excitement both of players and spectators becomes intense when a closely-contested game draws near a close, when perhaps both sides have attained twenty and are fighting at the last round for the decisive shot. It comes at length that the issue depends upon the play of the respective skips. The thing required to be done by one or other, as it may happen, amounts sometimes to all but an impossibility. The winner is well guarded; still an inch or two of it is seen. If it remains to the end the victory of course falls to the one side; if removed, it belongs to the rival party. The last player takes up his position, the last stone remains to be thrown, and that throw is charged alike with defeat and triumph; but to which party who yet can tell. The ice is cleared from the crowding spectators to admit daylight through the rink. The veteran Curler has adjusted himself on his trampets, steadily, deliberately he takes aim at the visible portion of the winner dimly descried, through the opposing barrier of blockading stones, in the distant perspective. The suspense begets a solemn silence.

Delivered by the master hand of a hero of many fights, the stone speeds towards the mark ; it brushes the guards on the one side and the other, creating a smoke of granite particles, but rushing on, in an instant more, it spins the winner out. Fast follow the roar of applause from the excited spectators, and the shout of triumph from the victors.

When the writer first took part in the parish bonspiels of Scotland some thirty years ago, eight men formed a rink of players, each playing one stone. The new system introduced by the Royal Club of four players with two stones each, has now become universal wherever Curling is practised, and has certain evident advantages over the old plan. In the first place, it conduces to good play. A player may fail from some slight miscalculation with his first stone to do as directed, but with the remaining chance which his second affords he is pretty sure to make good his failure. If, for instance, he has expended too much force and the stone runs past the tee, and is for the turn lost, that experience enables him to make a more accurate estimate, and to rectify the error at the next throw. And whether the play is to draw a shot, to remove the winner of the opposite side, or to guard that of his own, it is to the player personally a great satisfaction, and mitigates the poignant chagrin which the failure of his first throw creates in his own mind, that he has a stone still in reserve which, should his opponent's play leave him the opportunity, he makes certain shall successfully realise his aim. Again, a force of eight men in each side engages sixteen in the business of the game, and leads to crowding and confusion on the rink. Half the number, as now settled, is sufficient for the work required. When the director and player are engaged at their several posts, two are left free to attend to the essential department of sweeping. The sweeping is entirely under the control of the skip, who intently watches the progress of the running stone. If he judges it lacks force, and requires all possible aid to bring it up, he gives the order to sweep, and the besoms are instantly at work on the ice to give it a smooth and clean pathway, and as instantly does their action cease at the word of command to that effect. According to the rule of the Royal Club, the sweeping is from the middle line of the rink. The late Lord Eglinton advocated sweeping from tee to tee; the point was fully discussed, and by a resolution of the Club it was settled that the besoms should be used from a point midway between the tees. The besoms are generally made of broom, which grows plentifully everywhere throughout Scotland. No Curler appears on the ice without this indispensable implement and badge of distinction. To be a good sweeper is next to being a good player. By the proper management of the brooms a stone may be made to run to the tee-hole which would otherwise rest far behind. Thorough subordination and obedience on the part of the players to the skip in all matters of

the game, are implicitly rendered. Any one may tender his advice as to what is best to be played, but the skip is sole judge, and his decision is final on the doubtful point. No captain on board a ship, or commander in the field of battle, is more absolute than he. In all great matches an umpire is appointed who has power to stop the play when the ice is, in his opinion, unfit for proceeding with the contest. In which case the match must be commenced *de novo* at some future and fitting opportunity. The umpire also decides, in case of non-agreement on the part of the skips, as to which of two stones is to be counted as a shot. The measurements are taken from the centre of the tee-hole to that part of the stone nearest to it. Sometimes the rival stones lie so equally near, as that no shot for that round can be claimed by either party. All stones lying beyond a circle of a radius of seven feet are not counted in the reckoning of shots.

The main points in the game of Curling resolve themselves into the following :—Drawing to the tee, guarding, removing the guard, direct striking of the winner so as to remove it, striking out the winner by inwick, and striking by outwick so as to drive the stone struck inward to the tee. Of these, drawing is perhaps the most difficult, and requires the nicest calculation of force. When it is hopeless to try to remove the winner, because of the full guarding, it is sometimes possible to take the shot by drawing. This course is often directed by a cautious and experienced skip who has confidence in his man. It requires nice play, and all necessary aid from the alert sweepers.

Various epithets are applied to Curling, all more or less expressive of its main characteristics. It is styled an anxious game. The whole soul of the player is absorbed in the play. Nor does he deserve to be called a Curler at all who is not a keen Curler. The rapid alternations of feeling,—elation at a good hit, disappointment, vexation at a damaging miss; the satisfaction of the one party at the favourable position of its stones, suddenly changed to mortification by an entire alteration from a successful and damaging throw of the opposite side. The joy, on the one hand, of securing shots,—one, two, three, or four,—as the result of the round, and the pain on the other of losing ground, all contribute to the intense anxiety attendant on Curling. To this characteristic, the Scottish poet, Grahame, the author of the “Sabbath,” alludes in the following lines :—

“Now rival parishes and shrievidoms keep,  
On upland lochs, the long-expected tryst,  
To play their yearly bonspiel. Aged men  
Smit with the eagerness of youth are there;  
While love of conquest lights their beamless eyes,  
New nerves their arms, and makes them young once more.”

It is a slippery game, not only that it is played upon a slippery board, but because in its progress and result it is uncertain. From

some combination of adverse circumstances in no way accountable, a rink of choicest Curlers is sometimes signally defeated. The play in itself may be good, and yet the players unlucky. Success or non-success in a game may actually hinge on the particular point on which a stone is struck,—a single inch one way or the other would have made all the difference in the final result. The state of the ice and of the weather affects the sport considerably. Bias, snow, thaw, water, wind, are so many disturbing causes. A strong, smooth, unbiassed piece of ice, and a calm, clear, bracing day is what the Curler most desiderates. The writer has pleasant memories of Curling on such exhilarating days, on the Scottish lochs, when the winter sun brightened the scene, gave a pleasant warmth, and cast its beams athwart the surrounding silent and snow-covered hills. Any one approaching a moorland loch covered with absorbed and busy Curlers, would appreciate the term “roaring,” applied by Burns to the sport in the opening lines of the “Vision” :—

“The sun had closed the winter day,  
The Curlers quat their roaring play.”

There is at once the ringing bumping noise of numerous running stones on the ice; the excited ejaculations of the men engaged; the loud voices of the skips giving directions to the players, or thundering the word of command to sweep, or to leave off sweeping; the eager cry of expectation as the stone speeds to its mark; and the shouts of “Well done!” borne along the rink from tee to tee to the gratified ears of the Curler who has played a successful stone. Conviviality is also said, and with some truth, to be an accompaniment of Curling; but any allusion to the merry meetings of the players, and to the Curling songs sung on these occasions, does not come within the scope of this brief sketch. One of the most delightful features of the pastime is the co-mingling which it occasions of all ranks and classes on an equal footing. “One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.” Social distinctions completely vanish before the all-engrossing anxiety and eagerness of a keen contest on the ice. Men are knit together by an all-pervading sympathy and a common interest. A clergyman who on Sunday from the vantage-ground of the pulpit instructs his hearers in the duties of religion, enters with them on the following day into the excitement of a Curling contest, and has his merits on the icy board put to the test, and decided altogether apart from his status as a preacher. Perhaps he may encounter and be overthrown in the friendly struggle by some one of his parishioners whom before the Kirk Session he has had occasion to exhort or rebuke. Of the beneficial effects of Curling, apart from its qualities as an amusement, morally and socially, there is no room for doubt. Its tendency is to draw class to class, and to promote good will and good feeling through all ranks of the community.

## MR. DISRAELI AND THE MINT.

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WE should not have cared to call special attention to a question respecting the Civil Service, which was asked by Mr. Buxton in the House of Commons on the 2nd of April, and to Mr. Disraeli's answer to that question, had it not been that Mr. Gladstone expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the explanation given by the late Prime Minister. We are very far from sharing that satisfaction. We regard Mr. Disraeli's reply to the question asked him as altogether false in argument and conducive to gross injustice. Had the leader of the liberal party in the House of Commons repudiated that injustice and repelled those false arguments,—or even had he been silent,—the question would not have pressed itself upon us; but Mr. Gladstone's expression of satisfaction has been too much for us, and we therefore will say a few words with the intention of explaining as accurately as we can do, the manner in which patronage was used by Mr. Disraeli, in the case to which Mr. Buxton called attention. And in dealing with this question of the use of patronage, we must deal also with the nature of the reasons given to justify the abuse,—if, as seems to us, such abuse has existed.

The question asked by Mr. Buxton had reference to the appointment of Mr. Freemantle, a gentleman from the Treasury, to the office of Deputy Master and Controller of the Mint. This gentleman had been private secretary to Mr. Disraeli while Mr. Disraeli was Prime Minister. In September last the office of Deputy Master at the Mint became vacant, and application was made for the place by Mr. Mushet, of the Mint, as appertaining to him by right of seniority combined with fitness. Mr. Buxton stated that Mr. Mushet's fitness for the promotion was testified by the present Master of the Mint and by his predecessor, Sir John Herschel. We will here quote Mr. Buxton's words:—"Of course he would not for a moment say that if Mr. Mushet were in any way incompetent that then he ought to have been employed; but very strong testimony to his competence was borne by him who of all men was the fittest to judge of it,—Sir John Herschel. Sir John Herschel wrote to Mr. Mushet in September, 1868, to say that Mr. Mushet's claims to succeed Mr. Barton as Deputy Master and Controller of the Mint had been approvingly submitted to the Lords of the Treasury by the present Master of the Mint, and Sir John Herschel added, 'This being the case it appears to be no more than due that I should supplement whatever testimony



he may have borne to your merits, conduct, and qualifications, grounded on his experience, by my own as to your uniform efficiency, exactness, and devotion to your duties in the very responsible office you have filled since 1851, during my tenure of the mastership.'” This is the testimony which Mr. Buxton gives as to Mr. Mushet’s fitness for the office. He also states that Mr. Mushet has been thirty-six years in the Mint, and seventeen years in an office peculiarly fitting him for the duties of the higher position. He explains that those duties are specially technical,—having reference to dies, bullion, pyxes, and the like, and that they are not, therefore, such as may be fitly transferred to the shoulders of any gentleman from another office, but should have been learned by special training. He then asks why Mr. Freemantle, a clerk at the Treasury and private secretary to the late Prime Minister, had been appointed to this office,—not in September when it became vacant,—but just as Mr. Disraeli was giving up office in December. And he founds his question on an extract from a Treasury minute which also we will quote:—“Promotion by merit is the established rule in the Civil Service, and to every young man who becomes the servant of the Crown in the Civil Service a way is opened to independence and even eminence.” So much for Mr. Buxton. He asks his question, in the interest of the Civil Service generally and of Mr. Mushet individually, and his question is answered by Mr. Disraeli with triumphant official skill.

Now we will turn to Mr. Disraeli’s answer. He first assures Mr. Buxton that his observations are a series of misapprehensions. The first misapprehension into which Mr. Buxton had fallen consisted in his supposing that the individual who was appointed to the place was not a member of the Civil Service. So says Mr. Disraeli. But Mr. Buxton had made no such complaint. He had complained that the minute of the Treasury which he quoted was broken in the spirit. The question is,—as regards this first point,—whether that minute was obeyed and enforced by the promotion to a situation in the Mint of a clerk from the Treasury. The “minute,” or order, was framed with the view of requiring a certain amount of general good conduct from the servants of the Crown, and these servants of the Crown were informed, when a special demand was made on them for this good conduct, that the Crown, their employer, had a right to demand so much because fitting remuneration for such good conduct was now afforded by assured promotion when promotion should be deserved. And the gist of the promise consists in an unexpressed but implied allusion to past times and a past order of things, in which times and under which order of things such equitable adjustment of promotion was not assured;—and it is also implied that as this promised equity will greatly increase the prospects of the servants of the Crown, therefore the Crown has a right to expect that the conduct of

its servants will be better now than it was, or could reasonably have been expected to be, in the old days. We will appeal to any Civil servant,—or to any man, Civil servant or not, who will look into the matter,—whether that is not by clear implication the meaning of the Treasury minute; whether it is not intended to promise promotion in the due order of things,—promotion secured by merit and not secured by favour? But Mr. Disraeli reads the minute quite otherwise,—reads it otherwise, although, as he tells us, he was himself responsible for its promulgation. Mr. Freemantle was in the Civil Service before,—never, indeed, having seen the Mint, but having been a West-end clerk; and the spirit of the order is obeyed,—so says Mr. Disraeli,—by the promotion of such a one over the heads of men who have spent their lives in work at that very office. According to Mr. Disraeli the minute would be obeyed in spirit, though successive private secretaries from the Treasury were sent to fill every office of value at the Post Office, Customs, Poor Law Board, or where-not,—though a system of patronage were carried on so generally as absolutely to preclude any unfavoured Civil servant from the slightest chance of obtaining in his own office that promotion which the Treasury minute specially promises to him as the reward of his good behaviour. This is Mr. Disraeli's reading of an order which he tells us is his own; and he thus answers, and answers triumphantly, a question put to him in Parliament by an independent member on behalf of the Civil Service generally!

But he thus answers only the first of Mr. Buxton's misapprehensions. The next misapprehension on the part of Mr. Buxton consisted in the idea that Mr. Disraeli in appointing his own private secretary, had appointed a follower of his own. Mr. Disraeli explains that Mr. Freemantle, though a private secretary, was no follower of his,—and that therefore he is open to no charge on that head. He did not even know what were Mr. Freemantle's politics! Nor, we will be bound, did Mr. Mushet and the other gentlemen at the Mint who were superseded; nor did they care! Mr. Buxton asserts that the appointment was given to a "gentleman who had never set his foot in the Mint, but who had the far greater advantage of having performed services to the late Prime Minister." And that was true. There was no misapprehension in that. The Private Secretary went to the Mint, taking the well-earned bread,—we assume for the moment that the promotion was well earned by Mr. Mushet, intending just now to reach that special question,—taking the well-earned bread out of his senior's mouth; and what did it signify either to that gentleman or to the Civil Service generally, whether Mr. Freemantle was a Liberal or a Conservative? No more than it did to Mr. Disraeli, whom Mr. Freemantle had served as private secretary. Indeed, to the Civil Service generally it is an aggravation of the grievance that such promotion should be given to men from the

Treasury independently of political bias. If such become the rule, if a liberal Treasury will make itself pleasant to conservative Treasury aspirants, and a conservative Premier reward liberal private secretaries by giving them the bread out of other men's mouths, where is the Civil Service to look for redress? An independent member of the House of Commons asks a question, and he is triumphantly put down by united voices from the front benches at each side of the table!

Then there comes misapprehension the third, on the part of Mr. Buxton,—as to which indeed Mr. Disraeli has not dared to use the word misapprehension, but in dealing with which he took care to leave very plainly on the House and on the readers of the debate the impression that such third misapprehension had existed. Mr. Buxton had taken upon himself to state that his client Mr. Mushet was especially fitted for the position to which he aspired. Mr. Disraeli,—shall we say denies this? He does deny it, but he denies it, not openly, but by a stab in the back sufficient, when coming from a Prime Minister, to madden a man in Mr. Mushet's position. An accusation so made cannot be met and answered. Mr. Mushet comes forward and boldly asks for the place on the score of his long service, on the score of his fitness, and on the score of his position in his office which gives him his special claim. As to his years of service and his position he states facts which are not controverted and are beyond controversy. As to his fitness and as to his past work, he appeals to the present and late Master of the Mint. The men who have known him, and who were bound to know him, vouch for him. He is recommended for promotion by the man whose recommendation should be everything,—if he himself be worth his salt. In fact, in asking for the place,—which should have been his without asking,—he lacks nothing which should be required to make good his claim. Mr. Disraeli, in answering Mr. Buxton as to his implied misapprehension on this head,—with a sneer against Mr. Mushet for asking for his promotion, which to our thinking is as little creditable to the man as it is to the politician,—tells us that—new blood was wanted at the Mint! “He did full justice to his own claims,” said Mr. Disraeli, raising a laugh against poor Mr. Mushet. Who was to do justice to them if he did not? Has Mr. Disraeli never done full justice to his own claims! Have they who have read his political speeches at City feasts, at provincial banquets, and in the House found him reticent as to his own services to the country? But when a gentleman in a public office asks for the promotion which he thinks he has earned, and asks for it in language which, when he used it, he never intended to make public,—which has been made public by the accident of Mr. Buxton's sympathy and idea of public duty,—he is scorned and sneered at and made a laughing-stock by a late Prime Minister who, at any rate, should have found himself superior to that method of turning aside the claims of a gentleman so much beneath him in position, and

whose every hope of rising in his profession had been blighted by patronage exercised in favour of that Minister's private secretary.

But new blood was wanted at the Mint;—new blood and a young man! It was represented to Mr. Disraeli, he tells us, that the general condition of the Mint was not a satisfactory one. Mr. Disraeli also tells us that he had just received a letter from the present Master of the Mint,—who had, by the bye, recommended Mr. Mushet for the promotion,—“written in a very generous spirit,” but which letter he, Mr. Disraeli, thinks that he must on the whole decline to read! The Master, however, entirely approves of the appointment of Mr. Freemantle!

We are well aware of the old adage which bids men to be on their guard from their friends, and it may be possible that Mr. Mushet should be on his guard against us. But we will risk that; or we will assert, rather, our purpose of being altogether indifferent to Mr. Mushet's interests, except in so far as they are conjoint with the interests of the Civil Service generally. Mr. Mushet has declared himself to be fit for this place, and has been so declared by the present and by the late Master of the Mint. If these testimonies to his fitness be unfounded, let it be so stated clearly, and let us know on what evidence. Such demand, we are aware, is not to be put forward as to every appointment made by the Crown. The cost would be far too great for the end. But when a Member of Parliament has thought fit to bring such a matter forward in the House, in order that the notoriety of a single case may assure justice in the general, then it is well that the details should be known. Let any man who can conceive himself to be in Mr. Mushet's position, think what would be his feelings after years of valuable service, when he found himself to be superseded and degraded on excuse of the expediency of introducing,—new blood! What man can hope for promotion in his office, if by the time that he can possibly reach it without favour, he is to be told that,—new blood is wanted. And in whose veins does the new blood flow? In those of a clerk from the Treasury, who during all his services has rubbed against Ministers, been courteous to great Secretaries, and served First Lords! We do not mean to say a word against Mr. Freemantle, of whom personally we have heard much that is good, and nothing that is ill. Though Mr. Disraeli does so deeply regret Mr. Freemantle's departure from the Treasury, it was only in nature that Mr. Freemantle should accept the promotion which came in his way. It was not for him to weigh Mr. Mushet's claims, or to demur to the excellence of that “new blood” which he was ordained to carry with him to the Mint. But we do maintain, and we think our readers will agree with us, not only that something more tangible than a desire for “new blood” should be given as the cause for superseding Mr. Mushet, but that, also, the new blood, if needed, should have been drawn from a source less open to suspicion, than the vigour of a

Prime Minister's private secretary at the moment when that Prime Minister was leaving office. Mr. Disraeli's well practised skill, and knowledge of the ways of the House of Commons, may enable him to speak on such a subject triumphantly in the House, and to turn a laugh against the unfortunate man whose evil fortune was due to Mr. Disraeli's misuse of his patronage, but there will remain in the minds of those who know the facts a remembrance of the injustice done, which will not pass away.

As we said, however, in beginning these observations, our sorrow is occasioned not so much by Mr. Disraeli's abuse of patronage, as by Mr. Gladstone's assent to Mr. Disraeli's excuses. *Et tu, Brute!* Where are we to look for justice and honesty in the management of the Civil Service? Mr. Gladstone stated that he was bound in fairness to say that he thought the answer made by the right honourable gentleman was satisfactory. Did he think the interpretation given by Mr. Disraeli to the Treasury minute of November, 1868, fair? Does he read it as Mr. Disraeli has read it? Would a flooding of the Civil Service with young gentlemen and "new blood" from the Treasury satisfy his notions of the promise made to the Civil Service in that order? Are these Mr. Gladstone's views of that order? Does he think that the fault,—if fault there be,—of sending a young private secretary to fill a place to which another man has a just claim, is assailed by the fact that the young gentleman so promoted was not known to be a Liberal, or not known to be a Conservative? Does he feel that that answer about young blood is one that can be held to be satisfactory or true by Mr. Mushet and his friends,—or one which would be held to be satisfactory and true by himself, were the place in dispute one aspired to by a friend of his own? Was that sneer against Mr. Mushet agreeable to his ideas of parliamentary practice?

But the truth is that in reference to questions of patronage one First Lord of the Treasury cannot oppose another. As yet the position of our Prime Minister is so stained with the necessities of that support which patronage is used to obtain, that it is beyond the effort of the greatest and the honestest of mankind to keep a hand altogether clean amidst the pollution which practice has engendered. In our time we have seen great improvement on former days,—an improvement which every succeeding year does some little to strengthen. A time will come in which the members of the Civil Service will feel themselves secure of the promotion which they earn, and then men will work for the Crown with the same zeal as is shown in other employments. But they who are anxious to ensure such improvement can only do so by noticing with what loudness of voice they may possess gross deviations from justice as they arise. We do believe that in this matter at the Mint Mr. Mushet has been cruelly injured.

## THE SEARCH AFTER THE FOUNTAIN OF JOUVENCE.

A ROMANCE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY.

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### III.

Thus blithely sped the golden-footed hours  
Athwart the sloping sunlight of the space  
Twixt noon and dusk, in various delight  
Of song and converse, till the purple webs  
Of night began to flutter o'er the gold  
Of sunset, and the air of that bright place  
Was strewn with pearls of moonlight. Then men brought  
Great golden-fleeced webs of silk-soft wool  
And furs of white and sable-coated beasts,  
And laid them on the floor, and thereon strewed  
Fair green of moss and rainbow plumages  
Of exquisite strange birds, whereon the folk,  
Won with light labour to fatigue as light  
And easeful, soon addressed themselves to rest.

But those fair youths, to whom we were in charge,  
Unbidden, brought us to a place apart,  
Wherein fair chambers, golden-ceiled and hung  
With gray and purple arras, lay beside  
A naile of columned marble, stretching down,  
With casements clear and quaintly-carven roofs,  
Thro' many a tender vista of soft shade  
And trellised leafage: there did we bestow  
Our weary limbs and heard the nightingale,  
All night among the windless myrtle-groves  
Without, entreating all the tremulous air  
To passion with the splendour of her song,  
Woven with flower-scents inextricably.

The night was fair for us with happy dreams,  
And in the morning, ere the sun had drawn  
The early mists from off the blushing day,  
There came to us the king of that fair land,  
And did entreat us rise and harness us;  
For that the place we sought was from the town

Distant a long day's journey, and the time  
Was gracious, in the freshness of the dawn,  
To break the earlier hardness of the way.

Then did we all take horse, and riding forth  
By the fair guiding silver of the brook,  
That ran towards the northward of the town,  
We passed through many a leafy forest glade,  
And saw the fresh flowers wet with the night dew,  
And listened to the newly-wakened birds,  
That sang their clearest for the fair young day.

Right goodly was the aspect of the earth,  
Clad with glad blooms and flushed with joy of spring,  
As on we wended in the early morn,  
Before the grossness of the noon fell down :  
And as we went, a goodly company,  
The minstrels lifted up their voice and sang  
As birds that could not choose but music make,  
For very joyance of the pleasant time.

And one right well I marked, who made the birds  
From every sunny knoll and budded copse  
Give back blithe antiphons of melody  
To every phrase and cadence of his song.  
Comely and young he was, and passing skilled  
In making lays and rondels for the lute :—  
And this, among a crowd of sweeter songs,  
If memory serve me rightly, did he sing.

Song.

I.

Bells of gold where the sun has been,  
Azure cups in the woven green,  
Who in the night has been with you,  
And painted you golden and jewel-blue,  
And brimmed your flower-cups with diamond dew?

II.

Lo ! in the evening Spring was dead,  
And the flowers had lost their maidenhead  
Under the burning kiss of the sun,—  
Tell me, who was the shining one  
That came by night, when the sky was dun



## III.

And the pale thin mists were over the moon,  
And brimmed your hearts with the wine of noon?  
Who was it breathed on the painted May,  
Under the screen of the shadow play,  
And gave it life for another day?

## IV.

I watched at the setting to see him ride,  
But only saw the day that died,  
The faint-eyed flow'rets shrink and fail  
Into their shrouding petals' veil,  
And all things under the moon turn pale.

## V.

I watched in the night, but saw no thing.  
I heard in the midnight the grey bird sing,  
And ran to look for the shape of power,  
But saw no thing in the gloaming flower,  
Save moonmists over forest and bower.

## VI.

Goldcups, it could not have been the May,  
For dead in the twilight the Spring-time lay,  
Under the arch of the setting sun,  
Ere in the gloaming the day was done  
And the masque of the shadows had begun.

## VII.

But lo! in the early scented morn  
A new delight in the air was born,  
Brighter than ever bloomed the Spring,  
The glad flowers blew and the birds did sing,  
And blithe was every living thing.

## VIII.

Merles that flute in the linden-hall,  
Larks, if ye would, ye could tell me all;  
Ye that were waking at break of day,  
Did ye see no one pass away,  
With ripple of song and pinion-play?

## IX.

Ah! I am sure that ye know him well,  
Although ye are false and will not tell!  
Haply, natheless, I shall be near  
And hear you praise him loudly and clear,  
Some day when ye wit not I can hear!

So wended we with mirth and minstrelsy  
Throughout the morning hours, and presently  
Emerging from the pleasant wood, we rode  
By many a long stretch of level plains,  
Waved fields of rainbow grasses and wide moors  
Bejewelled thick with white and azure bells,  
And saw rich flowercups, all ablaze with gold  
And purple, lie and swelter in the sun,  
And others, blue as is the sky at noon  
Unclouded, trail and crawl along the grass  
And star the green with sudden sapphire blooms.  
And then we came to where the frolic brook  
Swelled into manhood, and its silver thread  
Was woven out into a river's stretch  
Of broad, unruffled crystal. Here a boat,  
Wide bowed and long, lay rocking on the stream,  
Among great lazy lilies, white and red  
And regal purple, lolling in the sun.

Dismounting here, we floated up the tide,  
Propelled by one that stood upon the prow  
And spurned the sanded bottom with his pole,  
Along wide sunny lapses of the stream,  
Now breasting rushes, purple as the tips  
Of fair Aurora's fingers, when she parts  
The veils of daybreak, now embowered in green  
And blue of floating iris. Through long rifts  
Of wooded cliffs we passed, where now and then  
The naked rock showed white as a swan's breast,  
Riven through and through by veins of virgin gold,  
Or haply cleft with gaping crevices,  
Wherethro' the jewelled riches of its heart  
Did force themselves from out their treasury  
And staunched the cloven wound with precious salvo  
Of living diamond. Here the water showed,  
Through its clear lymph, great crystals in the bed,  
And nuggets of bright metal, water-worn  
To strange fantastic shapes; and now and then,  
As we did paddle idly with our hands,  
Letting the clear stream ripple through the chinks  
Of our obstructing fingers, with a sound  
Of soft melodious plaining for the check,  
A great gold-armoured fish, with scales of pearl  
And martlets of wine-red upon his back,  
Rose slowly to the surface, waving all  
\*The pennons of his fins, and gazed at us

With fearless eyes. And there the wrinkled bed  
Shelved suddenly into a deep clear pool,  
Whose brink was fringed with waving water-bells;  
And at the bottom lay gold-coloured shells  
And silver pearls embedded in brown sand,  
And many a fish and harmless water-snake  
Floated and crawled along the river-weeds.

But nothing harmful seemed to us to dwell  
Within that fair clear water;—pike nor coil  
Of deadly worm, nor on the verging banks  
In field or copse, as far as eye could see,  
Was any lynx or wolf or tawny beast,  
To stir the lovely stillness of the land  
With whisper of disquiet.

As we went,  
Much wondering at the goodly peace that reigned  
In all and at the marvellous fair things  
That glided by us, Perez took a lute  
(Full featly could he turn a stately song,)  
And praised the place and its serene delights.

“O happy pleasaunce of the gods!” he sang,  
“Where all is fair, and there is harm in nought,  
Where never lightnings break nor thunder clang,  
Nor ever summer air with storm is fraught,  
Nor by the hurtling hail is ruin wrought,  
But kindly nature is at peace with man,  
And all things sweetly fill their given span!

“O pleasant land, where winter never blinds  
The bare waste ways with snowdrift, nor the frost  
With wrinkled ice the sad wan waters binds,  
Nor spring-tide joy by winter thoughts is crost,  
Where never hope for weariness is lost,  
But life is warm, though woods be cold and grey,  
And never in the flower-hearts dies the May!

“Where never skies are dull, nor tempest scowls,  
Nor monster riots in the river's glass,  
Where never in the woods the fierce beast prowls,  
But in the fields the harmless snake does pass,  
A living jewel, through the flowered grass,  
Where sun burns not, nor breaths of winter freeze,  
Nor thunder-blasts shrill drearily through the trees!

“Yet is there nothing here that in the air  
Should breathe such potency of healing balm

As should compel the unkindly blast to spare  
Or birds to sing a never-ending psalm,  
Or meadows glitter with the summer calm,  
Or purge the terror from the winter grim :  
But men love God, and put their trust in Him !

“ And so all things of His do they hold dear,  
And see in all His handiwork a friend,  
And not a foe,—and therefore skies are clear  
And flowers are sweet, because men's souls intend  
The essence of well-being, and so bend  
The kindred life of wood and field and fell  
To that fair peace that in themselves does dwell !

“ For man it is that makes his circumstance,  
Honouring all, and loving all things good,  
Bethinking him how he may best advance  
The harvesting of nature's kindly mood,  
By helping her in that relief she would  
Be ever working for his cheer and stay :  
So doth he love and joy in her alway.

“ O happy folk that dwell in such a land !  
O happy land that hast such habitants  
That know to walk with nature hand in hand,  
And find new cheer in every change and chance,  
Not thinking, when the long grey days advance  
And summer's gold is dying, hope is less ;  
But proving lightly all things' goodliness.”

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## CENTRAL ASIA FROM A RUSSIAN POINT OF VIEW.

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THIRTEEN years ago, an eminent authority upon Indian questions,—the late lamented Sir Henry Lawrence,—drew attention to the need of authentic information respecting the movements of Russia in Central Asia:—"Information upon all matters relating to Central Asia," he wrote, "is greatly wanted."\* Manifold changes have come to pass since these words were penned: the advance of Russian dominion upon the continent of Asia has exceeded all precedent. But we need not look beyond the columns of the daily press when this subject is under discussion, to feel that the position still holds good,—that information upon all matters relating to Central Asia is still "greatly wanted."

As a brief contribution to the general stock of information upon this much-neglected subject, the writer of the following pages has endeavoured to place before his readers a résumé of the RUSSIAN side of the question, as it appears in a small volume of "Notes,"† published in St. Petersburg about twelve months since, by Major-General Romanovski, an officer of repute in the Imperial service.

Despite the studied reticence of its author in regard of the devious ways of Imperial diplomacy in times past, and of the possible eventualities of the future, the little work affords a clear and soldier-like sketch of the progress of events in these regions up to the year 1867.

The subject, we may remark, appears to have awakened no common interest in all parts of the Russian empire.

"Amongst the many important matters which now occupy the attention of the Russian community," observes M. Romanovski in his preface, "the 'Central Asian Question' holds a prominent place. Besides the general political significance to Russia of all that relates to the state of affairs in this part of the world,—a significance which becomes every year more palpable,—besides its importance to us in a manufacturing and commercial point of view, the question is at present in a condition which renders any further postponement of its solution an impossibility. At the same time, it is not difficult to foresee that in these days of reform, considerations of economy must

\* "Essay on Indian Army Reform," 1856.

† "Notes on the Central Asian Question." By Major-Gen. Romanovski. St. Petersburg, 1868.

necessarily exert a very important bearing upon the measures to be adopted for its final adjustment."

After adverting to the difficulty of procuring, even in Russia, reliable information respecting these countries, and the advantages to be derived from a thorough ventilation of the subject, he continues:—"But at all events I allow myself to hope that my readers will not demur to two considerations which I deduce from the narrative I am now about to lay before them. These are, first, that our present position in Central Asia is in all respects more advantageous than that we held thirteen years ago,—that the affairs of Central Asia are now infinitely more in our power than they ever were before; and, secondly, that the extension of our power in these countries, if limited within suitable bounds, will not entail any extraordinary sacrifices, or call for any heavy disbursements on the part of the State."

He then enters into the history of Russian colonization. Here, at the outset, we meet with a distinct refutation of the startling theory broached by certain French journalists a short time since, which met with so ready an acceptance from some portions of the English press,—to wit, that the advance of Russia on the Continent of Asia is not, and never has been, the result of any deliberate line of policy, but rather of the lust of power, and corruption of the officers commanding upon her frontiers.

"As soon as Russia began to free herself from the Tartars," he tells us, "and to become an independent State, the views of the Russian Government were turned to the East, and in a short time, and at comparatively small sacrifices, Russian dominion spread itself over no inconsiderable portion of her present Asiatic possessions."

"In the time of Ivan III.,—1472,—Perm was captured. This conquest, which carried Muscovite rule to the summit of the Oural, was hailed with delight by the Czar and people, as giving promise of important commercial advantages, and evoking bright memories of the happy past." Should the force of the latter observation be not immediately apparent to non-Russian readers, we may remark that the sentence is a quotation from the Russian historian Karamzin. "Shortly afterwards Viatka and the north-west portion of Siberia were conquered. Subsequently, during the reign of Ivan IV., Kasan, Astrakan, and the greater part of Siberia were added, and the Oural Cossacks were settled in the Oural vale. The commercial capabilities and rich natural resources of these districts attracted to them many adventurers, with whose aid the Russian Government, by the end of the seventeenth century, had brought within its boundaries the whole of the present districts of Orenburg and Siberia, as far as the Oural and Irtysh. From the time of Peter the Great,—i.e., the close of the seventeenth century,—in addition to its constant and persevering

efforts to introduce a permanent administrative organization along the borders, by planting settlements of Cossacks along the frontiers, and the construction of lines of frontier posts, the Government undertook from time to time considerable expeditions into the steppes, penetrating even into the remotest depths of the khanates of Central Asia.

"But these expeditions, even in the days of Catherine II., Paul I., and Alexander I., could not be carried out systematically as the results of any continuous preconceived plan. The geographical and statistical knowledge we then possessed of the countries beyond our frontiers was vague in the extreme. The maintenance of the old frontier lines of posts upon the Oural and Irtysh, and of the Cossack armies of the Oural, Orenburg, and Sibirsk, entailed a heavy expenditure both of men and money, and these expeditions partook rather of the nature of reconnaissances upon a large scale."

In front of these old lines is a wide tract of country,—the "Kirghis Steppe" of our English maps,—which extends as far as the frontiers of Persia in one direction, and the sources of the Jaxartes and Oxus, —the Syr-Daria and Amoo-Daria,—in another: a wide plain, intersected here and there by rivulets, but for the most part a waterless, sandy desert,—the resort from untold ages of the innumerable nomadic hordes of Kasacks, known to us collectively under the name of Kirghis.\* Upon its southern and south-eastern extremities are picturesque spots, richly endowed by nature, famed for the luxuriance of their vegetation and their reputed mineral wealth. But these oases are situate upon the side furthest from the Russian frontier, and the approaches to them are few and difficult. Into this pitiless region of sand-drift and snow-storm, with which the writings of Arminius Vambery have made us acquainted, we can easily believe that the Russians had at first few inducements to penetrate. Equally easy is it to conceive that, like all other nomades, the Kirghis must often have proved extremely troublesome neighbours.

"Although," says our author, "the Kirghis had acknowledged allegiance to Russia during the first half of the last century, yet, previous to our occupation of the steppe, this allegiance was nominal rather than real. Many tribes calling themselves Russian subjects not only entered into alliances with the khanates of Central Asia, and made war upon each other, but often attacked our caravans, and, in some instances, our very lines. Some of the Kirghis of the Orenburg department continue in this state to the present hour. But as our lines were extended and developed, and as order was established within them, this state of affairs became insupportable. The necessity of protecting the tribes nearest our frontiers, who had ceased to take part in these contentions, and desired to devote themselves to peaceful

\* "Kir," a field; "gis," root of "gismelt," to wander. Properly applicable to one tribe of Kasacks.—See Vambery.



pursuits, alone imposed a moral obligation upon us to move forward into the steppe, and to establish outposts for the maintenance of order and the protection of the caravan trade.

"From the first establishment of our frontier posts the Kirghis tribes had been regarded as under the administrative direction of the Governors-General of Orenburg and Siberia. But as these officers were independent of each other, they frequently differed widely in their views as to the best method of conducting the affairs of the steppe. In some instances their opinions were diametrically opposite.

"A closer inquiry into the condition of the nomade tribes, and an introduction of an administrative executive amongst them, commenced in Siberia during the government of Count Speransk. Here our advance into the steppe commenced. At first small detachments of troops were sent forward to watch the Kirghis, and to protect them against their neighbours. Afterwards entrenched posts were erected. Subsequently again forts were constructed, and Russian settlements established.

"The Orenburg authorities long held back from any such measures, confining themselves to sending out small patrols. But the inadequacy of these arrangements became specially apparent in 1839, when the attempt made by a strong expedition from the old lines, against Khiva, was not crowned with success.\*

"However formidable the difficulties, and however widely opposed the views of the authorities may have been on the subject, force of circumstances now compelled us to occupy the steppes themselves. These measures involved a heavy outlay. Provisions, and every other article required for the use of the garrisons on these posts, had to be brought up from the old lines, at a cost of which some idea may be formed from the fact that each quart of flour conveyed from the old lines to the posts on the Syr-Daria,—Jaxartes,—often cost the Government more than twenty silver roubles,—£3,—in carriage alone.

"The movement into the steppe, and the formation of outer military circuits in Western Siberia, began about 1820. During the succeeding thirty years we were gradually advancing farther and farther, and spreading ourselves throughout the whole extent. At the end of this period forts and advanced posts had been established along the whole of the vast space from the Oural and Irtysh to the north-east extremity of the Caspian, and the north end of Lake Aral, on one side, and to the vale of Ili, at the foot of Tian-Schan, on the other. Thus, in 1854, we had a fort, Novo-Petrovsk, on the Manghyshlack peninsula, at the north-east extremity of the Caspian, and a line of posts along the Syr-Daria to a distance of 400 versts,—200

\* The expedition under Peroffsky. The force amounted to 12,000 men, the greater part of whom perished in the Desert.

English miles,—from its fall into Lake Aral. To keep up communications between the latter and the old lines other intermediate posts had been built, and a whole brigade of Cossacks had been ordered out to settle in the steppe. By these measures we obtained far greater power in the steppe than we had hitherto possessed. A large majority of the Kirghis submitted themselves to our authority, not in name only but in deed. Peace increased in the steppe. Russian trade and commerce made perceptible progress; while, thanks to the presence of a flotilla established on Lake Aral, we had greater facilities for holding in check any hostile movement on the part of Khiva. Nevertheless, our position could not be regarded as altogether satisfactory. The entire military resources of the Orenburg and Sibirsk governments were almost exclusively required for service in the steppe. These, besides the bodies of Cossacks belonging to the Oural, Orenburg, and Sibirsk governments, amounting to 400,000 souls, included twenty-three line battalions, some invalids, and a considerable proportion of *état major*, &c., &c. The khanates of Central Asia, with the exception of Bokhara, were hostile to us; and a good understanding with the latter was only kept up by considerable sacrifices on our part. Besides the attentions constantly shown to the Emirs of Bokhara by our Government, the Bokharian merchants were allowed to trade with Russia without payments of guild-dues, while the custom's tariff on Bokhara goods were reduced to a very low figure. On the other hand, our merchants who succeeded in penetrating to Bokhara paid the same duties as other non-Mussulman traders, ten per cent. in place of two per cent., and were continually exposed to all sorts of fraud and violence. The nomades pursued by us for disorderly conduct, and our own deserters, almost invariably found a safe asylum there.

“After the establishment of the line of posts on the Syr-Daria, —Jaxartes,—and of the flotilla upon Lake Aral, our relations with Khiva began to improve. Not so those with Khokand. This khanate, considering itself strong enough to oppose us, not only would not make concessions, but occasionally indulged itself in attacks upon parts of the country in our occupation. Thus, during the succeeding winter, 12,000 Khokands, with ten pieces of artillery, attacked Fort Perovsky, from which they were repulsed with heavy loss by a party of 500 men under Colonel,—now General,—Ogareff.”

The difficulties and expense attendant on the maintenance of these frontier posts at an average distance of 1,000 versts,—500 miles,—from the old lines, rendered it incumbent that their garrisons should be kept at the lowest possible strength. Moreover, certain portions of the new frontier were wholly unoccupied—thus between Novo Petrovsk and Lake Aral, a distance of 600 versts,—300 miles,—there was not a single post; so also between Fort Peroffsky and Fort Ilyski, a distance of 1,000 versts,—500 miles,—was wholly unpro-

tected. In these spaces all the runaways from Russian authority found shelter.

The most obvious remedies for the evils resulting from this state of affairs were the completion of the frontier lines, and the maintenance in them of garrisons sufficiently strong to admit of offensive measures in case of necessity.

These views were accordingly advocated by the committee of officers appointed by the Czar Nicholas, in 1854, to inquire into the state of the south-eastern frontier.

Two opposite views, M. Romanovski states, have always been maintained as to the most expedient mode of dealing with the khانات of Central Asia.

One party asserts that safety can only be found in the immediate conquest of these hotbeds of Moslem fanaticism—that procrastination involves a risk of creating a new Caucasus in the heart of Asia. The other, and more moderate party, consider that the enormous outlay entailed by any such step would meet with no special return. They maintain that by relinquishing unprofitable schemes of conquest, it is possible to acquire the sincere attachment of the masses who derive material advantages from their relations with Russia, and of their rulers, who would in this case regard the Government as their natural protector. They do not go so far as to assert that no further offensive operations should be entered on. Their opinion simply tends to the belief that in the first instance it is desirable so to arrange the frontier that the cost of each cannon-shot expended there should not be reckoned as heretofore in tens of roubles, and that garrisons may be established along it of a strength adequate to cope with any future emergencies. Further, they question whether the inhabitants of Central Asia could ever be transformed into hardy mountain-warriors such as nature and the lapse of centuries has produced in Daghestan and the Elburz.

M. Romanovski, who never tires of upholding the moderation of the Imperial counsels, instances the adoption of the recommendations of the committee of 1854, as a proof that the Government, even at this time, inclined to the second view of the case, and was altogether uninfluenced by any ulterior schemes of aggrandizement.

But before these projects could be carried into execution, the Eastern war broke out, and their fulfilment was delayed for some years.

Between 1854 and 1860, the only operations of note were the occupation of the Zalski region, and the construction of forts Almaty and Casteck at the foot of Tian-Schan.

The Khokand fortresses of Pishpeck and Tokmack were subsequently taken and destroyed by Major-General Zimmermann. Reconnaissances were made up the vale of the Tchou. Avulieta was taken. On the Orenburg side Fort Djouleck was built. In 1863, Lieutenant-General Debon took the Khokand forts of Tany-Kourgan, close to the

town of Turkeстана. To complete the junction of the Orenburg and Siberian advanced posts, it now only remained to examine in detail the space between Turkeстана and the valley of the Tchou, with a view to its occupation. This was performed in the summer of 1864 by simultaneous expeditions from Orenburg and Sibirsk—the former consisting of 1,200 men under Colonel,—now Major-General,—Verevkin, and the latter of 2,500 men under Major-General Tcherniaeff. The operation was completed by the junction of the forces under the latter officers and the extension of the new lines to the town of Tchemkend, which was occupied in October the same year. Thus the long-conceived project of the union of the frontiers of Orenburg and Sibirsk was accomplished.

“Here,” says our author, “the Imperial Government desired to stop. The sincerity of this desire is well known to all who served on the frontier. So far were the Russians from contemplating any future operations, that no pecuniary means were provided for any such contingency, and when further military measures proved necessary, the sums supplied for the payment of employes and other local purposes had to be impressed to meet the wants of the military chest.”

These operations commenced as follows:—Major-General Tcherniaeff being desirous of “acquainting himself more fully with the state of affairs in the Khokand town of Tchemkend before winter set in,” adopted the somewhat summary measure of attempting to storm the place, under the impression that the defence of its wall, said to be 24 versts,—12 miles,—in length, would prove too much for the inhabitants. But very unexpectedly the attack failed.

In return 12,000 Khokands, under their former ruler Alimkoul, attacked the Russian district lying between Taschkend and Turkeстана. Their efforts failed through the steadiness of a party of 100 Cossacks under Captain Siroff, who held the village of Ikahn for three days against all the efforts of the Khokand army. The latter, however, succeeded in capturing the village of Ikahny, near Turkeстана, the inhabitants of which they deported to Taschkend.

Meanwhile the Government expressed their disapproval of General Tcherniaeff's proceedings, but as they were desirous that the country already occupied should be provided with every requisite for defence, they determined on the formation of a new district of Turkestan, to include the original Syr-Daria lines, and to be under the orders of the Orenburg government. Reinforcements were directed to proceed to the new district from Orenburg and Siberia, and the command was invested in General Tcherniaeff.

Misunderstandings arose about this time with Bokhara, and the Khokands, encouraged by hopes of assistance from the Emir, assumed the offensive. Various military operations then ensued, ending in the blockade of Taschkend by General Tcherniaeff, and its subsequent capture by storm, after three days' hard fighting on the

walls and in the streets, on 7th June, 1865. So this important commercial town, which has been styled by Vambéry the "Key of Central Asia," passed into the hands of the Russians.

Thus far we have followed the course of events in Central Asia up to the month of June, 1865. Of the ever-increasing complications of the succeeding twelve months, which occupy so large a space in our author's work, we need not speak in detail. Our readers will probably think we have said enough when we quote his concluding observations in extenso, leaving them to form their own judgment thereupon.

"The narrative which I have now brought to a close," says M. Romanovski in his last chapter, "will I trust place the various occurrences on our Central Asian frontier, from its first establishment up to 1854—1866, in their proper light.

"A careful consideration of each fact separately, and of all collectively, will satisfy everyone acquainted with the country, that these events have been results of a long-conceived plan of operations which received the final approval of the Czar in 1854. The vastness of the undertaking and our ignorance of the country precluded a possibility of carrying out the project in detail in accordance with any pre-arranged scheme, but in its general bearings the Imperial Government has adhered most firmly and perseveringly to its fundamental idea. In the interval between 1854—1866, this idea was wrought out,—the lines of posts along the Orenburg and Siberian frontiers were united, and at the same time we obtained possession of extensive corn-producing districts in front of the steppe, upon which a sufficient body of troops could be concentrated without difficulty. Here the Government intended to stop. But here unforeseen difficulties arose, and disturbed the even current of events.

"The unpremeditated occupation of Tashkend at a moment when the troops which had been allotted for the defence of the adjoining district had not yet arrived, placed us in a very difficult position. Without a sufficient force at hand to counteract the hostile intentions of our neighbours, who were naturally aggravated by our occupation of Tashkend, we were frequently betrayed into measures which led to increased complications. The cessation of trade, the arrest of our envoys by the Emir of Bokhara, the attempts to release them by force of arms, and the unsuccessful movements upon Djusack, may, without exaggeration, be said to have placed all our subsequent acquisitions upon the map.

"In the spring of 1866 we were induced to go to war with Bokhara under circumstances which, in all respects, were very unfavourable to ourselves. Far from having as yet succeeded in establishing ourselves in the district, still sorely in need of many things, we found ourselves committed to a perpetual contest with the Emir, who, in addition to his political and religious influence, possessed the prestige

of an invincible conqueror in the eyes of the multitude, and who was backed up by a regular army, with which our soldiers had never yet come in contact.

"The number of our troops at that time amounted to about 13,000 of all ranks, but the necessity of preserving order in rear of our lines and the recent extension of the district, reduced the number available for field-service to 3,000 men.

"It was only at the end of April, when small reinforcements arrived from Syr-Daria and Western Siberia, that the number was increased to 4,000. The principal reinforcements destined for the district were at Orenburg, 2,000 versts,—1,000 miles,—from Tashkend. On the other hand, the forces collected by the enemy, who at this time were not more than 50 versts from our frontier posts, were extremely numerous. Rumour may perhaps have exaggerated their strength, but there is no doubt that it exceeded 60,000 men, or more than twenty times our own. It is true that, with the exception of 5,000 to 7,000 regular Bokharian troops, the rest were in nowise different from the Khokand warriors so well known to us. Still, composed as they were of cavalry, they could move with great rapidity from place to place, and on the slightest reverse or show of indecision, might have proved very dangerous to us. The recollections of the occupation of Ikahn by the hordes of Alimkoul in the winter of 1864, 1865, and of the imprisonment of the inhabitants who remained faithful to us, were still fresh in their minds. The decided success of our troops at Irdjar, however, obviated this danger, and dispelled the phantom of the Emir's invincibility. The capture of Khodjend, which followed, gave permanent quiet to the district. Besides the annexation and tranquillisation of all our possessions on the right bank of the Syr-Daria, by occupying Khodjend we cut off Khokand from Bokhara. But we were unable to conclude a timely peace, and subsequent misunderstandings led to the renewal of hostilities. This arose in part from the fact of our being compelled to carry on a contest for which we were not fully prepared, but principally from the controlling powers being 2,000 versts away from the scene of operations, and often unable to form an accurate estimate of the actual state of affairs, while the executive on the spot were without powers or instructions how to act. The two last actions were not, however, void of beneficial results. By taking possession of Daria-Tubay and Djusack in the autumn, we still more effectually cut off the communications between Khokand and Bokhara, and the entire Syr-Daria valley fell into our hands. These acquisitions will greatly facilitate any operations which the Government may think it advisable to take hereafter in regard to Bokhara.

"The conduct of the Khan of Khokand at this time was such as to encourage the hope that the khanate would submit itself to our influence without coercion, to such an extent at least as we had any

right to expect. All our demands and wishes were complied with promptly, while we on our part carefully abstained from any excessive demands. This improved state of our relations with Khokand shows that there is no reason to despair of gaining useful results in Central Asia without actual conquest. Even should our relations with Khokand be altered again, military operations against Khokand would be far easier than against Khokand allied to Bokhara. The operations of 1865, 1866 cannot, of course, be supposed to have entered into the Imperial programme. The Government could have no desire to incur risks which in case of failure would involve an enormous expenditure for their reparation, but when once the events had happened, the only course that remained open was to endeavour to harmonise these new elements with the original scheme. The officers to whom the matter was referred for consideration, having no express instructions on the subject, often indeed took widely-differing views of the same question. The general results have not, however, been altogether unsatisfactory.

"Our position in the Kirghis steppes, and our relations with the khanates, have unquestionably improved within the last thirteen years, whilst our military expenditure,—exclusive of extraordinary expenses incurred in the field,—has been little, if at all, increased. If there be a slight excess it is very insignificant in comparison with the advantage we have acquired.

"It has been already shown that in 1854 the protection of the steppes necessitated the presence of a force composed of twenty-three line battalions, besides the Cossack contingents of the Oural, Orenburg, and Sibirsk districts. At present, besides the Cossacks, we have only sixteen battalions of the line, and one of riflemen. Some of the battalions, it is true, have been replaced by local corps, and a new brigade of artillery has been organised, but still the numerical strength of the regular troops falls rather short of that of 1854, whilst the local receipts have more than counterbalanced the disbursement of the local administration.

"Almost simultaneously with the formation of the Turkestan district, a code of regulations was promulgated for its administration, which enjoined that special attention should be paid to all questions affecting the local revenues. But the military operations, which continued uninterruptedly through 1865, and the first six months of 1866, impeded the execution of these plans. Since that period, that is to say, from immediately after the capture of Khodjend, the attention of the local authorities has been directed unremittingly to the subject, and the influence of Khokand, and of the Mohammedan priesthood of Bokhara, has perceptibly diminished. A system of taxation has been established, and the local expenditure has been regulated. From the official reports it appears that not only have the local revenues proved sufficient to meet this expenditure, but that



even at the close of the first year a considerable surplus remained, so that many items, such as sums required for public works, which are usually charged against the Imperial estimates, have been defrayed out of the local receipts.

"The variety of opinions which have been, and are still held respecting the principles which should regulate the final adjustment of our affairs in Central Asia, have naturally given rise to many contradictions in the opinions hitherto elicited by the Government upon the subject. Nevertheless, a few broad principles have been definitely and unanimously settled, which, it is hoped, may aid in dispelling the doubts which have hitherto obscured this matter.

"Our knowledge of Central Asia being so limited, it was regarded by many persons as an impossibility that our relations with it should be regulated by any experience acquired elsewhere. Whilst other nations, amongst them the English in India, have been taught by many bitter lessons the impracticability of governing without a strong permanent executive system, these persons asserted that Central Asia would prove an exception to the general rule. Their views were, however, too vaguely defined to gain much ground. It is indeed hardly necessary to observe that nowadays but few advocates can be found of complicated systems of administration, necessitating the employment of large bodies of officials; but a certain number of the latter are indispensable. The only method of attaining our end in Central Asia, without an extraordinary increase of our administrative establishments, would, perhaps, be to subject the neighbouring khanates, without altogether destroying their independence.

"For the final consideration of all questions affecting the new district a committee of thirteen officers was formed at St. Petersburg, which unanimously recommended the formation of a firm Russian administration in supreme command, and that all means necessary to that purpose should be accorded to the local authorities. In accordance with the further representations of this committee, the Czar was pleased to decide upon the separation of the districts from the government of Orenburg, and to direct that a new military circuit,—a new Turkestan,—should be formed, to comprise the two districts of Syr-Daria and Semiretchinsk. A new project of local administration, which had been prepared by the local authorities, was also submitted to the consideration of the committee, and at its recommendation the newly-appointed Governor of Turkestan, General Kauffmann, was authorised to adopt any such portions of it as should prove expedient.

"It may therefore be hoped that in regard of our affairs in Central Asia we have already seen the beginning of the end. Time and trouble will doubtless be needed to bring the district into a satisfactory condition, and to establish durable relations with the neighbouring countries. Having myself quitted the country more than twelve

months since, I do not feel justified in entering upon the discussion of these topics ; but there are other sides of the question which might derive benefit from a thorough ventilation through the aid of the public press. No doubt can exist that the sooner the lines of communication are perfected, and Russian trade encouraged in the district, the sooner will the latter develop itself, and yield an advantageous return.

“ At present there are two recognised routes into the new district, besides three new ones which have been lately proposed—five in all—each presenting certain advantages and defects.

“ Of the existing routes, one passes by Samara, Orenburg, and Fort No. 1 on the Syr-Daria line, along the valley of the latter river ; the other runs from Kasan to Omsk and Fort Vernaye. The first of these two routes is the shorter, but it runs for the most part through the steppe, and being of later formation is perhaps less convenient than the other, although it does not present any special obstacles. Of the three newly-proposed routes, one runs from Krasnovodsky Bay along the old channel of the Amoo-Daria,—Oxus,—to its present mouth ; the second goes through Ust-Yurt, from the Dead Kvoitvok to Tchernyshoff Bay on Lake Aral ; and the third starting from Kazala, passes through Baziavsky to the mouth of the Emba. All these three routes offer undoubted advantages—first, because during the summer months they shorten the overland transport, so that when the roads are completed and steamers established, the overland journey from Nijni-Novgorod to Khodjend by the second route, through Ust-Yurt, will not exceed 300 versts,—150 miles ; secondly, because they facilitate the means of communication between the Caucasus and Turkestan, another consideration of great importance.

“ There can be no doubt that as long as the state of affairs in the Caucasus involves the presence there of a considerable force, so long will it be desirable to have as small a one as possible in Central Asia. Now experience has shown that the transport of troops even from the Volga to the Turkestan district cannot be effected under two years. When the new routes are open, the transport of troops from the Caucasus would not require more than a few weeks, and as two or three battalions, which would form an imposing addition to our force in Central Asia, might easily be spared from the Caucasus, the necessity for any special reserve in the former district would be obviated.\*

\* Since this article was written, a paragraph has appeared in the St. Petersburg papers to the effect that the Emperor has acceded to MM. Koni, Lazareff, and Miller, the necessary authorisation to proceed with the levelling and other work required for a railway between the Caspian and Lake Aral. The Imperial decision has been communicated to the governments of Orenburg and Siberia.

Russian steamers have been plying for some time on the lower portion of the Oxus and Jaxartes.

"The first of the proposed routes along the old channel of the Amoo-Daria, as far as it has been explored, presents no particular natural obstacles, and as a road is perhaps preferable to either of the others. But there is no doubt also that as the caravan traffic becomes developed, we shall be compelled to maintain a considerable force to protect our trade against the attacks of the Turkomans, a numerous and very warlike race.\* The second route being the shortest is the most advantageous, although it will probably require more artificial improvements than the other two. The third route to the mouth of the Emba, although as far as we know at present it offers no serious impediments, is longer than either of the others and will need considerable improvement.

"Whichever of these five routes may be found best, a considerable outlay will be needed to bring it into a satisfactory condition. The sooner, therefore, the question is settled, the sooner we shall be enabled to reap the benefit of the result."

P.S.—The foregoing sketch deals with the state of affairs up to 1867. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to remind the reader that, if credence may be placed on the accounts since received via Caubul, the subsequent movements of the Russians have not been in accordance with the non-extension policy which M. Romanovski sedulously maintains has hitherto influenced the Imperial counsels in regard to the affairs of Central Asia.

\* Vambery places their numbers at nine tribes, comprising 196,500 tents, which at an average of five persons to each tent would be 982,500 souls.

"The Turkomans, without possibility of contradiction," he adds, "are, next to the Keptchak, the most warlike and savage race of Central Asia."—VAMBERY, *Travels*, p. 327.

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## TRADES' UNIONS.

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Two years ago everybody was talking about the crimes, the disabilities, and the pretensions of trades' unions. The interest of the subject was not felt by those only who have made social science their hobby, nor was it confined to the larger class that takes a passing share in all topics of the day; even those who ordinarily stand aloof alike from party politics and economic speculations were roused and startled by the evidence of Mr. Broadhead and other kindred spirits, and began to look upon their peaceful neighbour the carpenter as a possible Thug; while those bolder persons who, like the Irish absentee landlord, were not to be intimidated by the slaughter of their friends afar off, and who said of the Sheffield saw-grinders—

“The distant Trojans never injured me,”

were disturbed by the difficulty of getting a new coat, and of travelling without the assistance of an engine-driver in the neighbourhood of London itself. There was a general outcry for severe measures of repression; but as the first tumult of wrath subsided, it was perceived that there were as usual two sides to the question; for while the advocates of these combinations somewhat faintly deplored the excesses which had been committed, they vehemently contended that the iniquitous laws devised in the interest of a narrow and useless class were mainly responsible for them. An animated controversy went on for some time between those who were anxious to suppress these unions altogether, and those who were struggling to obtain for them the full recognition and protection of the law.

The discussion has of late a little slackened, not because the battle has been fought out, but because bustling and unquiet times have pushed the question aside. The British public can only think out one subject at a time; the massacre of Clerkenwell threw the murders of Sheffield into obscurity; the rattener has been eclipsed by the Fenian. But if the Irish Church is the question of the day, trades' unionism is that of to-morrow at latest; and we shall do well if we employ the present breathing space in considering various aspects of the dispute which will very shortly be revived.

In this paper we propose, to the best of our ability, to set forth the present state of the law which bears on trade combinations; then the alterations which the representatives of these bodies are prepared to recommend, and the complaints of employers, so far as

they aim at legislative redress. We shall then discuss the propriety of conceding these demands ; and, in so doing, shall be led to consider the general tendency of these associations, and the ulterior aims of those members of the working classes who see beyond the immediate objects of the present struggle.\*

It is not without misgiving that we enter upon the first part of our present task, for the law of England is a fearful and wonderful piece of mechanism ; or may perhaps more properly be likened to a strange chemical compound, the properties of which have never been fully ascertained, and whose action, under any novel set of circumstances, is matter of conjecture. The groundwork of this unknown system of forces is a collection of ancient usages which slowly grew up in a wholly different state of society, most of which, as they became intolerable, have from time to time been modified, either by express enactment, or by the silent contempt of the human race. But the most active agent in recasting these old usages into a form adapted to modern requirements has been the singular power of interpretation which our law courts have assumed. This power has generally been exercised in a very beneficial, though frequently in a most unexpected manner, and is so well established that he must be a very acute or a very audacious lawyer who should take upon himself to say, with confidence, what the law is on any point whatever which has not recently come before some tribunal of respectable authority under a precisely similar set of circumstances, even although an Act of Parliament passed last session should seem, to the mind of a layman, to have put the matter beyond all possibility of doubt. The laws which bear upon the right of workmen to impose their own terms on their employers have of late years been much altered by all the causes to which we have referred ; the world has got into a new groove of thought on the subject of combination ; Parliament has passed statutes ; and those more important authorities, the law courts, have had the subject brought frequently before them, so that, as somebody observes, we shall probably succeed in fully understanding the law by the time it is all swept away.

We will now explain what we conceive to be the present state of the law ; and beginning with what we think certain, will cautiously

The text was written before the appearance of Sir W. Erle's pamphlet upon the Law of Trades' Unions : but after an examination of this very high authority we have not thought it necessary to make any alterations, for we believe our slight sketch, though necessarily very imperfect, will be found to be substantially correct as far as it goes, and sufficiently full for our present purpose. We would particularly call the attention of the general reader to that part of the pamphlet which discusses what is commonly called judge-made law : it will be seen that the learned author most fully admits and defends the extensive power of interpretation which is wielded by the Courts : to use his own language, "the interpretation of the words of a statute merely by a dictionary leads often to unsatisfactory results."

advance from the known to the unknown. Any persons, be they employers or employed, may with impunity enter into partnerships, combinations, or unions, for the purpose of altering the hours or the conditions of labour; they may raise money for the purpose of promoting the objects of the association, and these funds when raised are as fully protected by the law as any other description of property.\* They may urge others to join the association, however unpleasant the consequences may be to third parties; and they may pass resolutions pledging themselves to have no dealings with a man whose way of conducting business they dislike. But although the law endures these combinations, it is not because it looks upon them with a friendly eye, but simply as a concession to the hardness of the human heart. Employers and employed are allowed to combine in public to prevent them from doing it in private. If they are let alone it is as much as they can expect; do not let them presume to ask the law to help them. As the association is, in the eye of the law, an improper one, it loses many advantages which are enjoyed by similar bodies whose objects are such as the law approves. The most important of these is the right to sue a mutinous member who refuses to pay a subscription or fine. Then all the acts of individual members in carrying out the purposes of the society are jealously watched; here the characters of the law are "dimly writ and difficult to spell." It is certain, as we said before, that a man may lawfully urge others to join his association, even although other parties may be inconvenienced; but at this point we are met by an opposite rule, which forbids any man to obstruct or molest another in his trade, or by threats or intimidation to deter men from their employment; and in practice it is found exceedingly difficult to compass the confessedly lawful object of beguiling away a manufacturer's hands without causing some alarm to the nervous and sensitive, or without very much obstructing, molesting, and generally disquieting the employer himself. What happens when a struggle takes place is something of this sort: the men leave their employment in a body, and then post themselves at the corners of all the neighbouring streets with the view of peaceably persuading all those who might take the vacant places to do nothing of the sort. However calmly these street discussions may be conducted, the men on strike will sometimes lose their temper, or will hint that the base new-comers who are taking the bread out of their mouths

\* It is necessary to state, very plainly and positively, that the funds of these unlawful corporations are as safe as those of the bank of England, for their advocates persist in affirming the contrary. Professors, writers in newspapers, and magazines, and candidates on the hustings all ignore the very distinct Act of last session. We are aware how feeble is the authority and conjectural the action of a mere uninterpreted Act of Parliament, but this statute has been ratified by the decision of a court of law.

will find themselves no gainers in the end ; and it is at least probable that the elastic word "threat" includes a frown or an expressed determination never to work again in a man's company. This system of blockade, now well known to us all as "picketing," the masters hold to be a legal offence whether coupled with intimidation or no. If pushed to any great length, it is doubtless unlawful ; but how much peaceable persuasion amounts to the technical offence of molestation is a moot point, and one which perhaps is incapable of exact definition. Again, workmen may pass and carry into effect as many self-denying ordinances as they please, but they must beware how they communicate them to the enemy. If the employer asks why his premises are shunned like a plague-stricken city, they may inform him of their wrongs and their determination ; but if they offer any united explanation before he seeks it, they commit the offence of intimidating him in the exercise of his trade.

The workmen consider these laws highly oppressive and full of ambiguities, while they believe the tribunals, as now constituted, are always eager to interpret these ambiguities in a sense unfavourable to the rights of labour. They wish, therefore, to have the law clearly laid down in their favour, and to be protected from the hostile feeling which they ascribe to the Courts. To attain these objects, they have drawn up a Bill in which they have attempted to embody the alterations they think desirable. Whether in the event of its becoming law it would have the effect imagined by its framers, is very doubtful, for they seem to have misapprehended both what the law allows and what it prohibits. They redress various grievances which are things of the past, while it is uncertain whether their remedies for actual wrongs of the present day would prove efficient. The Bill is mainly the work of two gentlemen, one of whom is a barrister ; but it is not easy to determine how far they are responsible for it, since they were associated with a committee of workmen who appeared to have proved rather unmanageable helpmeets ; for we find Professor Beesley reproaching his colleagues with a tendency to take huff, and imploring them to put their dignity in their pockets, and leave the Bill to their lawyers. But whatever we may think of the worth of this contribution to the forthcoming number of our statute-book, it has great value as a guide to those whose business it may be to modify this branch of law. Reading it by the light of the comments and apologies of those who framed it, we arrive at a definite knowledge of what the unionists demand from the law,—a knowledge which the Bill, read without notes, might fail to supply. They claim two concessions : first, that unions shall be declared lawful associations, with power to make by-laws which shall bind their members ; secondly, that workmen on strike shall be allowed to watch the premises of their late employer, and, by every kind of pressure, to deter others from working for him,—provided no injury to person or



property is committed or contemplated. Farther, to secure a fair administration of the new law, they demand that all charges of threatening or violence which it will make penal, be tried by a jury consisting of ordinary electors,—in other words, of artisans,—not, as at present, of men who are probably employers of labour; that all power of summary conviction be taken away; and the discretion of the Court in receiving evidence be very much fettered. They claim, also, by the mouths of Professor Beesley and Mr. Beales, various other privileges and immunities which it is needless to consider, as they already possess them.

The grievances of masters are less easily comprehended. The masters are not banded into one body with official representatives and a recognised mouthpiece, and so have not advanced any definite scheme to which they are all prepared to adhere. Even individual employers seem to be puzzled what to recommend. They state plainly enough their dislike and dread of these combinations, by which they say all manliness of character and professional honour are being sapped, and which will, before long, ruin the commercial prosperity of England; but they give us no definite, workable suggestions how the evil is to be encountered. The determined enemy of unions, Mr. Nasmyth, in his interesting evidence before the Commission, begins by declaring that these bodies interfere between master and man in a fashion which should be energetically put down: but when pressed to say what he would have, he comes at last to the conclusion that the present law is quite strong enough; or that, at any rate, if it is to be made more effectual, it is not for a manufacturer, but for a lawyer, to devise the machinery. All the information we get from the masters may be summed up in one short sentence. They think everybody should shift for himself; they find it daily more difficult to carry on business, and would gladly see the unions put down, but they cannot say how this desirable end is to be attained. This wavering attitude of the employers forms a striking contrast to the bold front and uniform manœuvres of the well-drilled workmen; but it by no means follows that the party is in the right which sees its end most clearly before it. In considering what course it is best to follow, we must beware of the innate tendency in all of us to follow the lead of the counsellor who has a cut-and-dried plan ready to produce. It is a comparatively simple matter to concede the claim of the men, but it is possible that the inarticulate groans of the masters may be the more worthy of attention.

When we begin to investigate these complaints we are met by a grave difficulty, which is that almost every strong statement made by the masters is flatly denied or explained away by the men. When the masters bring forward some sudden and outrageous demand of higher wages, harshly pressed at an inconvenient emergency, the men rejoin that the wages had previously been exceptionally low, and that

a rise had long been promised. When the masters complain that the men leave their work at a moment's notice sooner than serve under a most amiable and competent foreman, it is explained that this overseer was a notoriously harsh taskmaster. One master alleges that the men make frivolous objections to the introduction of improved machinery; his men answer that they take the liveliest interest in the progress of science, and are themselves the inventors of divers curious improvements in tools and processes. There is, however, one fact on which all parties are tolerably unanimous: that the present relations between the employers and employed are highly unsatisfactory. This leads us to ask what would be a satisfactory state of things? Mr. Nasmyth answers that society is in a normal and satisfactory condition when a certain proportion of workmen are constantly out of employment; seeing that the liability to occasional forced inaction make a man ready, diligent, and obliging, and begets habits of economy. When this ideal state of things does not exist the workman becomes idle and meddlesome, and the employer can hardly call himself master of his own business. We can understand an employer taking this view, and do not think that in so doing he is influenced solely by self-interest, or love of power. He has been trained to believe that a large business can only be satisfactorily carried on when all the power and responsibility are in the hands of a single man, or at any rate of a small body of men with identical interests; and we can fully enter into the feelings of grief and indignation with which he finds himself exposed to constant claims, the unreasonableness of which is known only to himself, and hampered by the interference of meddlesome underlings, who cannot be made to understand that their perversity is ruining a flourishing trade. He sees his profits lessening year by year, and feels that the power and influence, which he has always regarded as the most valuable of the privileges which capital confers, are passing from his grasp. All these misfortunes he ascribes to the growing independence of the men nursed by unionism. We are heartily sorry for the man who feels himself slowly subsiding from a position of ease and authority into one of comparative difficulty and dependence, and who is persuaded that the prosperity of England is inseparably linked with that of his class; but we think work would continue to be done, and money to be earned, even if the existing relations of capital and labour were very much modified. We have no doubt that so long as the price is forthcoming saws will continue to be ground, whether the job be undertaken by the shareholders in a large company or by the hired servants of a capitalist; and we do not conceive it to be the business of Parliament to decide between co-operation and individual enterprise. These troubles of employers may be very real and very keenly felt, but are not such as laws or kings can cause or cure; and if the dispute concerned only masters and workmen they should be left to fight it out between themselves.

But the question cannot be narrowed to a struggle between these two classes, for the great weapon used by the men cuts outsiders as well as the combatants. We mean, of course, the rules against apprentices, and the customs which confine each workman within certain narrow bounds. This brings us to consider why the men object to unrestricted competition, and what are their hopes and expectations of the future of labour.

When we turn to the aims and aspirations of the unionists we at once feel that a very powerful appeal is made to our sympathies. We may, perhaps, think that their modes of action are altogether unjustifiable, and their views narrow and short-sighted; that permanent success is out of the question; and that any partial success they may achieve will end certainly in disappointment, and very probably in revolution and general ruin; but whatever may be our opinion of the scientific value of the theories upon which they are acting, it is impossible to avoid acknowledging that many of the objects for which they are striving are worth fighting for heart and soul. These are to raise the whole body of the working classes, and to stop, or at least check, the present struggle for existence; regardless of the disapproval of those political economists who see in this struggle the power which makes the world go round.

In saying that the unselfishness of this movement merits the goodwill of outsiders, we do not of course mean to deny that each workman is influenced mainly by self-interest. Every man who takes part in a strike, has, no doubt, an eye to the benefits he will himself reap by success. But this is not all he looks to. He is much strengthened and encouraged under the privations of the struggle by a feeling that he is doing a duty to others, and contributing to the permanent improvement of all those in whom he feels an interest; and his interests are wider than we might suppose; for we believe that in this class there is a large mutual kindness, which is, unhappily, seldom found amongst men whose greater personal resources make them less apt to lean upon one another. This mutual friendliness gains much additional force from the habit of acting together in pursuit of a common end, which is the result of unionism. It is impossible to read the story of a workman's troubles and adventures, if drawn from the life, without seeing what immense comfort and support he derives from these associations. The struggling professional man, who is fighting a hard and lonely battle, reads with something like envy the tale of the unemployed artisan's "*Wander leben*." Wherever he comes he falls in with friends, who take a delight in throwing work in his way, and who are ready with their advice or with more substantial assistance, until he is able to shift for himself. Now the members of all these bodies are persuaded that by strong and united efforts they can succeed in doing a vast amount of good to the present and all future generations of workmen.

They are not thinking solely of increased wages, but of a great variety of changes which will make life less tedious and more honourable. They aim, for instance, at shorter hours of labour, at the abolition of irksome and dangerous processes, and at universal education; but above all, unlike Mr. Nasmyth, they cannot endure to see a skilled hand out of work. Their ideal state of society is short hours and high pay, for which they are very willing to work, with plenty of leisure for amusement or general improvement.

These objects are so desirable, and seem to them so all-important, that all individual fancies and interests appear but dust in the balance. The workman who prefers saving his money for his family to spending it in the cause of the society, is to his fellows the lowest of traitors. All corporations with a strong *esprit de corps* share this feeling: heresy is always dealt with more severely than gross breaches of morality; and the more advanced unionists openly express a hope that the law will soon give them power to compel all skilled artisans to become members of a guild, and to bear their share in the common burdens. It is true, this is a step beyond the demands which they officially put forward, but they make no secret of their further aims. It has frequently been objected to these unions, that they crush individual excellence, and reduce society to a dead uniform level; and an eloquent apologist in *Fraser's Magazine* for October, admits the charge, but justifies it on the ground that the aim of modern society is to encourage mediocrity, whereas on the other hand the tendency of savage life is to give pre-eminence to individual strength.\* We agree that the tendency of society in general is towards uniformity, and perhaps this should be regarded as the crowning blessing of civilisation; perhaps the vision of the discoverer of *la vérité sociale* is about to be realised: "*Désormais on ne dira plus les hommes, on dira l'homme, car tous les hommes seront égaux en force, en intelligence, en bonheur. Ni grands, ni petits, ni riches, ni pauvres, car tous les hommes auront la même taille. C'est à peine si on pourra dire toi et moi, car chacun se reconnaitra dans le premier passant venu.*" But if this millennium is at hand it is a consummation to which unionism in its present form will have contributed in a very partial manner. It is true that one great object of the system is to distribute the general earnings more equally amongst a certain class, and that, in fact, it does very much narrow the distance between a clever and a clumsy

\* He adds the happy illustration of the Icelanders who used to expose their new-born infants in the snow, by which process the weakly were killed off and the sound were strengthened; and argues that the opponents of unionism ought to revive the practice. We are sorry he does not give his authority for this curious trait of antiquity; for, although we are tolerably familiar with the Sagas, we have never happened to light upon any facts of this kind: we were aware that babies used to be thrown out into the snow frequently enough, but we thought they were meant to be left there.

worker; but the effect upon all who are outside the magic circle is very different. So far from having a tendency to bring all men to a level, whether they are strong or weak, quick or dull, unionism seeks to create or perpetuate an aristocracy of labour, banded together by community of interest, feeling, and association, and acting as one man, not only against the capitalist, but also against the vast mass of unskilled industry which the masters tell us, probably with truth, is always ready to rush into the field of labour, but is kept at a distance by the compact organisation of the workman's guilds. It is, in fact, with the object of obtaining more ready means of action against these hungry new-comers, that they now seek the definitive removal of all legal disabilities. They feel towards their untrained fellow-countrymen a little as the Australians do towards the Chinese, whom they see swarming into the country by the thousand, underselling them in all the labour markets, and living on sixpence a day. They say, "If we allow this sort of thing to go on, from a pedantic deference to free trade, we shall be improved off the face off the earth, and our grandsons will wear pig-tails and worship Fo-hi. These Celestials must recognise the charms of cleanliness and matrimony, must admit the inferiority of opium to tobacco, and must otherwise learn to appreciate the costly elements of decent life, before we can allow them to compete with us." Just so reason the artisans: "The labourers must combine for themselves, and form some notion of what an Englishman ought to attempt to bring up a family upon before we allow them to come and take the bread out of our mouths. If they follow our example, they will extort a fair proportion of the good things of the earth from their employers, who now monopolize the lion's share, only because no one has ever dreamt of challenging their title; but if we now throw open the field of labour, we shall sink to their level, and the future of the working classes will be compromised."

In carrying out their object of securing the higher branches of labour from being overstocked, the workmen have constructed that minute system of troublesome regulations which seems so amusing to every one who is not an employer of labour, and some of which display an ingenuity of meddlesomeness which would do honour to the officials of the Horse Guards. It is not at all easy to arrive at the exact facts of even the great disputes, which check a leading trade for months,—the tailors' log, for instance, was harder to understand than the Schleswig-Holstein question; and no stranger can hope to know the rights of the little contests which seem to be perpetually recurring in all the smaller trades. But it is plain that a large part of these quarrels are caused by a pedantic adherence on the part of the men to rules devised with the view of keeping intruders out of the trade, and from which they will endure no deviation, even when not menaced by a dangerous competition. They seem to be always

on the look-out for a breach of these by-laws, and by a vexatious enforcement of the letter have greatly contributed to the attitude of antagonism which the masters now present. The employers feel that fresh concessions are being wrung from them in every emergency, and that the fence within which they are imprisoned is being continually strengthened. And it seems clear that the unsparing use the unions have made of their newly-won power has caused between masters and men an unfriendly feeling, which must not be ascribed to the mere natural antagonism between labour and capital.

In feeling their way towards the object they seek the workmen have fallen into many deplorable errors. They have entangled themselves in many absurdities, and are responsible for much oppression, and must, moreover, be content to be blamed for the crimes of associates who have made the name of trade unionist a reproach. But considered apart from the misdeeds of ignorant and violent partisans, is the end itself which they have in view so outrageous that those who entertain it can be authoritatively declared to be seeking an object which is improper and impolitic, and one which statesmen and lawyers are bound to discourage? "The end may be politic or impolitic, moral or immoral," answers the ablest defender of unions, "but it is what everybody does all the world over; and why make artisans righteous by Act of Parliament when everybody else may sin as he pleases?" He makes the protection-loving artisan argue, "How many apprentices may a solicitor take? Can a barrister move freely from the Rolls Court to the Northern Circuit? Can a London physician feel pulses with impunity in a country town? Flourishing city firms are not always ready to divide their profits among a greater number of partners, and why is the huge trading concern which is known as a trades' union called upon to exercise more self-sacrifice?"

"What nation among all my foes is free  
From crimes as foul as any charged on me."

We do not think the unionists ought to be gratified with such a defence, which recalls the special pleading of Mr. Self-will in "*Pilgrim's Progress*." He said, "To have to do with other men's wives had been practised by David, God's beloved; and, therefore, he could do it. He said, to have more women than one was a thing that Solomon practised; and, therefore, he could do it. He said that Sarah and the godly wives of Egypt lied, and so did Rahab; and, therefore, he could do it. He said that the disciples went at the bidding of their Master, and took away the owner's ass; and, therefore, he could do so too. He said that Jacob got the inheritance of his father in a way of guile and dissimulation; and, therefore, he could do so too."

There is to the working man's understanding much naked logical force in this reasoning; but these ingenious arguments failed to

open to Mr. Self-will the gates of the Celestial city, and are seldom found to do good service to the claimant who relies upon them in the affairs of earth; it is true that soldiers ratten,—nobody will readily forget the famous “non mi ricordo” of the 46th foot; that solicitors form a close corporation into which it is very difficult for honest poverty to obtain admission; and that divines make the life of a heretic a burden to him; but this is a miserable argument for those whose motto is “All men are brethren,” and who promise to abolish ill-will and ignorance, and to place a roast goose and apple-sauce on every man’s board. We have small respect for the *tu quoque* line of argument; and if the unionists have no more to say for themselves than that they are as unselfish as lawyers, and as little fettered by professional etiquette as soldiers and physicians, it will be long before they win such a measure of public confidence as will enable them to leave their mark on this generation. If law, physic, divinity, and the army be four great monopolies maintained at the expense of society, they are not supported for the benefit of their own members, but of the community at large. If we are to set up a fifth, and greater, by their side, it must be for a better reason than that there are four subsisting already. But after all, none but the merest outsiders can be swayed by such arguments, for those who share in the privileges of these envied monopolies will be slow to admit the justice of the comparison. Curates grow gray on the wages they earned at five-and-twenty, while they are compelled to see livings filled up by abler or more pushing juniors, who flock into the profession unsifted by any clerical union. Middle-aged lawyers and doctors see the cream of the business devoured by over-worked and over-rated neighbours, and have to scramble for the unsatisfying residue with a daily increasing multitude of new-comers: good reason have they to wish that the Temple and the College of Physicians were indeed as chary of admitting apprentices as the Glassblowers’ Union, and as severe against professional brethren who work too fast or too well as the Society of Bricklayers.

We think something more can be said in defence of a trades’ union than that in looking keenly after its own interests it obeys the ordinary instincts of carnivorous civilised man. Our knowledge of social science is still so imperfect, that we cannot certainly say that these bodies will not in the end benefit even those outsiders whom they appear to injure. Pauperism is so wide-spread and so contagious a disease, and the instances of cure are so rare and doubtful, that we can hardly hope that a chance of slightly higher wages would produce much effect on the huge mass of suffering with which we have to deal. Those who have fallen into this condition, and the large class which is always on the verge, have been accustomed to live from hand to mouth, and to see everybody about them doing the same. From this state they can only be raised as a body by a public feeling



arising among themselves in favour of forethought and self-denial, and it is probable that the only means by which this can be effected is the formation among these poorer classes of associations analogous to trades' unions. When all the members of these leagues had common objects before them, it would soon be perceived that their present childish recklessness must be fatal to success; but until the labourers have taken some steps in this direction, it is possible that the seemingly cruel policy of the trades' unions may be the truest kindness. It may, perhaps, be more for the permanent benefit of the untrained labourers to have before their eyes an example of what their fellows have achieved by energy, economy, and combination, than suddenly to have a new field thrown open to them before they have learnt to use its fruits with advantage. If all the starving East-enders could become carpenters and masons to-morrow, we might see the gap between rich and poor indefinitely widened, and that class of well-to-do workmen whose position is not at an unapproachable distance from that of the day-labourer might disappear; and, with the means of comparison, all efforts on the part of the poor man to improve his condition might cease. Perhaps the workmen are right, and it is better that the unskilled labourer should go to some other region where he will find the members of his own class in the enjoyment of comforts which he could never have learnt to appreciate at home, than that he should be allowed to remain and bring down his betters and the whole labouring community to a dead hopeless level. Perhaps these associations are the seeds from which a new order of things is to arise, when no trade will ever be overstocked, and when an industrious workman out of employ will be a horrid reminiscence of the barbarous past. For ourselves, we are hardly disposed to share in these aspirations; but we believe the causes which raise or depress large classes are so little understood, that no one ought to take upon himself to assert that these hopes are altogether visionary. We are not ignorant of the grave social and political dangers which attend the large development of the principle of association; but if we are never to take a step in advance until we have mapped out the whole course of the unknown future, we shall sit still all our lives; and although the very magnitude of the promises these men make casts a doubt over their reality, we cherish a hope that all classes may benefit by these schemes, although not, perhaps, to the extent or in the shape now contemplated by their promoters.

But, further, the present state of things is unwholesome. It is a serious evil for a large body of men to live under a system which the law plainly declares to be noxious, while it admits its own powerlessness to check it. We think, too, that a greater amount of individual freedom would be granted by large responsible bodies than prevails at present under the sway of the small cliques whose existence is



winked at by the law. This is no mere conjecture, for it is already observable that the small local associations are far more apt to devise and enforce vexatious rules than are the large central boards. It will be a good thing for the whole community if the workman gains a right to consider himself a member of a recognised and honourable body, not of a semi-secret conspiracy, whose proceedings are being jealously scanned by hostile lawyers, ever on the watch for some slip which shall bring it within the mischief of an elastic statute. We would therefore grant to these bodies as full a share of liberty as is enjoyed by those societies in whose objects the law scents no taint of any of those many evil characteristics which our Constitution abhors. All doubts about their money being their own should be removed, if, on consideration, they persist in feeling uneasy on that score, and their by-laws should be interpreted by the law courts, and should be binding upon all who voluntarily submit to them with their eyes open. This last qualification is an important one, for the leaders of the movement evidently do not intend to rest from their labours when they have won the unfettered freedom for which they now ask. It is plain that, although they probably have at their backs most of the best workmen, there is, nevertheless, a large body of dissentients who persist in taking their own course, and with whom what the workmen consider public opinion has little weight. These men the unionists long to restrain by something more potent than moral force. They argue that these nonconformists get the benefit of the combinations which they refuse to join, and therefore should be compelled to contribute to their support, on the same principle that a man must sometimes pay rates at the bidding of a local majority for objects which he abhors. It is amusing to hear the old arguments for church rates now uttered by such very different lips. We need hardly say we are not prepared to allow trades' unions to gird on the weapon which has dropped from the grasp of the English Church, but we do not think this inclination to make extravagant demands is any reason for denying more moderate concessions. On the contrary, we are satisfied that it will be much easier to protect individuals from oppression on the part of a lawful society which has corporate funds to be laid hold of and office-holders to be imprisoned, than it now is, where nobody knows who are the members and governors, or where the property is to be found.

We must add a few words on the subject of "picketing;" by which we mean the practice of drawing a live, bodily, cordon of workmen round the premises of an obstinate employer, with the view of warning off applicants for work. We have little doubt this is unlawful, however peaceable the demeanour or calmly philosophic the arguments of all the individual sentrymen may be; but if it should prove possible to do it, and still keep on the windy side of the law, we think the law should be strengthened. If the end sought for

is *bonâ fide* to inform strangers that a strike exists, and to explain the grounds of it, this can readily be accomplished by other means. We doubt if any tailoress in London was unacquainted with the merits of the strike of 1867; but if the real object is, as we firmly believe it is, to annoy and intimidate by bringing before men's eyes a portion of the tremendous force which is held in reserve, this is what the law must sternly prohibit. The remedy, to be effectual, must be severe and easily applied. It is obvious, therefore, that the workmen's proposal to try all such cases before a higher court, which in practice will rarely meet until long after the whole affair is at an end, is wholly inadmissible. Still more objectionable is the workmen's demand that such offenders shall be tried by a court whose peculiar constitution and exceptional rules of evidence are intended to give the prisoner unusual advantages. If our rules of evidence sometimes work injustice, let them be set right in the interest of everybody alike: if workmen are anxious to sit upon juries, it is possible that tradesmen may be prevailed upon to yield them a share in the privilege of serving their country for fourpence a day; but do not let us insult judge and jury by suspecting their impartiality, or make a lasting distinction between employers and employed by trying the offences of workmen before an abnormally constituted court.

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### MY IDEAL.

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SMALL, frail of figure, young; and like a child  
For utter trust and large and loving eyes;  
With hair like golden seaweed, running wild  
In glistening clusters to a tiny waist;  
A rosebud mouth, with sayings not too wise,  
But very sweet to hear; a satin skin,  
White mostly, but flushed faintly from within  
With rosy lights,—as when a lamp is placed  
Within a porcelain vase,—as though a rose  
With blown, white heart were slowly growing red.  
Like pearls entwined with blossoms, she shall wed  
To Nature's charms all grace that art bestows.  
She shall be pure and true enough to greet  
A poor relation in the gaping street!

W. C.

## PHINEAS FINN, THE IRISH MEMBER.

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### CHAPTER LXXIII.

#### AMANTIUM IRÆ.

MISS EFFINGHAM's life at this time was not the happiest in the world. Her lines, as she once said to her friend Lady Laura, were not laid for her in pleasant places. Her residence was still with her aunt, and she had come to find that it was almost impossible any longer to endure Lady Baldock, and quite impossible to escape from Lady Baldock. In former days she had had a dream that she might escape, and live alone if she chose to be alone; that she might be independent in her life, as a man is independent, if she chose to live after that fashion; that she might take her own fortune in her own hand, as the law certainly allowed her to do, and act with it as she might please. But latterly she had learned to understand that all this was not possible for her. Though one law allowed it, another law disallowed it, and the latter law was at least as powerful as the former. And then her present misery was enhanced by the fact that she was now banished from the second home which she had formerly possessed. Hitherto she had always been able to escape from Lady Baldock to the house of her friend, but now such escape was out of the question. Lady Laura and Lord Chiltern lived in the same house, and Violet could not live with them.

Lady Baldock understood all this, and tortured her niece accordingly. It was not premeditated torture. The aunt did not mean to make her niece's life a burden to her, and, so intending, systematically work upon a principle to that effect. Lady Baldock, no doubt, desired to do her duty conscientiously. But the result was torture to poor Violet, and a strong conviction on the mind of each of the two ladies that the other was the most unreasonable being in the world.

The aunt, in these days, had taken it into her head to talk of poor Lord Chiltern. This arose partly from a belief that the quarrel was final, and that, therefore, there would be no danger in aggravating Violet by this expression of pity,—partly from a feeling that it would be better that her niece should marry Lord Chiltern than that she should not marry at all,—and partly, perhaps, from the general principle that, as she thought it right to scold her niece on all occasions, this might be best done by taking an opposite view of all questions to that taken by the niece to be scolded. Violet was

supposed to regard Lord Chiltern as having sinned against her, and therefore Lady Baldock talked of "poor Lord Chiltern." As to the other lovers, she had begun to perceive that their conditions were hopeless. Her daughter Augusta had explained to her that there was no chance remaining either for Phineas, or for Lord Fawn, or for Mr. Appledom. "I believe she will be an old maid, on purpose to bring me to my grave," said Lady Baldock. When, therefore, Lady Baldock was told one day that Lord Chiltern was in the house, and was asking to see Miss Effingham, she did not at once faint away, and declare that they would all be murdered,—as she would have done some months since. She was perplexed by a double duty. If it were possible that Violet should relent and be reconciled, then it would be her duty to save Violet from the claws of the wild beast. But if there was no such chance, then it would be her duty to poor Lord Chiltern to see that he was not treated with contumely and ill-humour.

"Does she know that he is here?" Lady Baldock asked her daughter.

"Not yet, mamma."

"Oh dear, oh dear! I suppose she ought to see him. She has given him so much encouragement!"

"I suppose she will do as she pleases, mamma."

"Augusta, how can you talk in that way? Am I to have no control in my own house?" It was, however, soon apparent to her that in this matter she was to have no control.

"Lord Chiltern is down-stairs," said Violet, coming into the room abruptly.

"So Augusta tells me. Sit down, my dear."

"I cannot sit down, aunt,—not just now. I have sent down to say that I would be with him in a minute. He is the most impatient soul alive, and I must not keep him waiting."

"And you mean to see him?"

"Certainly I shall see him," said Violet, as she left the room.

"I wonder that any woman should ever take upon herself the charge of a niece!" said Lady Baldock to her daughter in a despondent tone, as she held up her hands in dismay. In the meantime, Violet had gone down-stairs with a quick step, and had then boldly entered the room in which her lover was waiting to receive her.

"I have to thank you for coming to me, Violet," said Lord Chiltern. There was still in his face something of savagery,—an expression partly of anger and partly of resolution to tame the thing with which he was angry. Violet did not regard the anger half so keenly as she did that resolution of taming. An angry lord, she thought, she could endure, but she could not bear the idea of being tamed by any one.

"Why should I not come?" she said. "Of course I came when

I was told that you were here. I do not think that there need be a quarrel between us, because we have changed our minds."

"Such changes make quarrels," said he.

"It shall not do so with me, unless you choose that it shall," said Violet. "Why should we be enemies,—we who have known each other since we were children? My dearest friends are your father and your sister. Why should we be enemies?"

"I have come to ask you whether you think that I have ill-used you?"

"Ill-used me! Certainly not. Has any one told you that I have accused you?"

"No one has told me so."

"Then why do you ask me?"

"Because I would not have you think so,—if I could help it. I did not intend to be rough with you. When you told me that my life was disreputable ——"

"Oh, Oswald, do not let us go back to that. What good will it do?"

"But you said so."

"I think not."

"I believe that that was your word,—the harshest word that you could use in all the language."

"I did not mean to be harsh. If I used it, I will beg your pardon. Only let there be an end of it. As we think so differently about life in general, it was better that we should not be married. But that is settled, and why should we go back to words that were spoken in haste, and which are simply disagreeable?"

"I have come to know whether it is settled."

"Certainly. You settled it yourself, Oswald. I told you what I thought myself bound to tell you. Perhaps I used language which I should not have used. Then you told me that I could not be your wife;—and I thought you were right, quite right."

"I was wrong, quite wrong," he said impetuously. "So wrong, that I can never forgive myself, if you do not relent. I was such a fool, that I cannot forgive myself my folly. I had known before that I could not live without you; and when you were mine, I threw you away for an angry word."

"It was not an angry word," she said.

"Say it again, and let me have another chance to answer it."

"I think I said that idleness was not,—respectable, or something like that, taken out of a copy-book probably. But you are a man who do not like rebukes, even out of copy-books. A man so thin-skinned as you are must choose for himself a wife with a softer tongue than mine."

"I will choose none other!" he said. But still he was savage in his tone and in his gestures. "I made my choice long since, as you

know well enough. I do not change easily. I cannot change in this. Violet, say that you will be my wife once more, and I will swear to work for you like a coal-heaver."

"My wish is that my husband,—should I ever have one,—should work, not exactly as a coal-heaver."

"Come, Violet," he said,—and now the look of savagery departed from him, and there came a smile over his face, which, however, had in it more of sadness than of hope or joy,—“treat me fairly,—or rather, treat me generously if you can. I do not know whether you ever loved me much."

"Very much,—years ago, when you were a boy."

"But not since? If it be so, I had better go. Love on one side only is a poor affair at best."

"A very poor affair."

"It is better to bear anything than to try and make out life with that. Some of you women never want to love any one."

"That was what I was saying of myself to Laura but the other day. With some women it is so easy. With others it is so difficult, that perhaps it never comes to them."

"And with you?"

"Oh, with me ——. But it is better in these matters to confine oneself to generalities. If you please, I will not describe myself personally. Were I to do so, doubtless I should do it falsely."

"You love no one else, Violet?"

"That is my affair, my lord."

"By heavens, and it is mine too. Tell me that you do, and I will go away and leave you at once. I will not ask his name, and I will trouble you no more. If it is not so, and if it is possible that you should forgive me ——"

"Forgive you! When have I been angry with you?"

"Answer me my question, Violet."

"I will not answer you your question,—not that one."

"What question will you answer?"

"Any that may concern yourself and myself. None that may concern other people."

"You told me once that you loved me."

"This moment I told you that I did so,—years ago."

"But now?"

"That is another matter."

"Violet, do you love me now?"

"That is a point blank question at any rate," she said.

"And you will answer it?"

"I must answer it,—I suppose."

"Well, then?"

"Oh, Oswald, what a fool you are! Love you! of course I love you. If you can understand anything, you ought to know that I have

never loved any one else ;—that after what has passed between us, I never shall love any one else. I do love you. There. Whether you throw me away from you, as you did the other day,—with great scorn, mind you,—or come to me with sweet, beautiful promises, as you do now, I shall love you all the same. I cannot be your wife, if you will not have me ; can I ? When you run away in your tantrums because I quote something out of the copy-book, I can't run after you ? It would not be pretty. But as for loving you, if you doubt that, I tell you, you are a—fool." As she spoke the last words she pouted out her lips at him, and when he looked into her face he saw that her eyes were full of tears. He was standing now with his arm round her waist, so that it was not easy for him to look into her face.

"I am a fool," he said.

"Yes ;—you are ; but I don't love you the less on that account."

"I will never doubt it again."

"No ;—do not ; and, for me, I will not say another word, whether you choose to heave coals or not. You shall do as you please. I meant to be very wise ;—I did indeed."

"You are the grandest girl that ever was made."

"I do not want to be grand at all, and I never will be wise any more. Only do not frown at me and look savage." Then she put up her hand to smooth his brow. "I am half afraid of you still, you know. There. That will do. Now let me go, that I may tell my aunt. During the last two months she has been full of pity for poor Lord Chiltern."

"It has been poor Lord Chiltern with a vengeance !" said he.

"But now that we have made it up, she will be horrified again at all your wickednesses. You have been a turtle dove lately ;—now you will be an ogre again. But, Oswald, you must not be an ogre to me."

As soon as she could get quit of her lover, she did tell her tale to Lady Baldock. "You have accepted him again !" said her aunt, holding up her hands. "Yes,—I have accepted him again," replied Violet. "Then the responsibility must be on your own shoulders," said her aunt ; "I wash my hands of it." That evening, when she discussed the matter with her daughter, Lady Baldock spoke of Violet and Lord Chiltern, as though their intended marriage were the one thing in the world which she most deplored.

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#### CHAPTER LXXIV.

##### THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

THE day of the debate had come, and Phineas Finn was still sitting in his room at the Colonial Office. But his resignation had been sent in and accepted, and he was simply awaiting the coming of his

successor. About noon his successor came, and he had the gratification of resigning his arm-chair to Mr. Bonteen. It is generally understood that gentlemen leaving offices give up either seals or a portfolio. Phineas had been put in possession of no seal and no portfolio; but there was in the room which he had occupied a special arm-chair, and this with much regret he surrendered to the use and comfort of Mr. Bonteen. There was a glance of triumph in his enemy's eyes, and an exultation in the tone of his enemy's voice, which were very bitter to him. "So you are really going?" said Mr. Bonteen. "Well; I dare say it is all very proper. I don't quite understand the thing myself, but I have no doubt you are right." "It isn't easy to understand; is it?" said Phineas, trying to laugh. But Mr. Bonteen did not feel the intended satire, and poor Phineas found it useless to attempt to punish the man he hated. He left him as quickly as he could, and went to say a few words of farewell to his late chief.

"Good-bye, Finn," said Lord Cantrip. "It is a great trouble to me that we should have to part in this way."

"And to me also, my lord. I wish it could have been avoided."

"You should not have gone to Ireland with so dangerous a man as Mr. Monk. But it is too late to think of that now."

"The milk is spilt; is it not?"

"But these terrible rendings asunder never last very long," said Lord Cantrip, "unless a man changes his opinions altogether. How many quarrels and how many reconciliations we have lived to see! I remember when Gresham went out of office, because he could not sit in the same room with Mr. Mildmay, and yet they became the fastest of political friends. There was a time when Plinlimmon and the Duke could not stable their horses together at all; and don't you remember when Palliser was obliged to give up his hopes of office because he had some bee in his bonnet?" I think, however, that the bee in Mr. Palliser's bonnet to which Lord Cantrip was alluding made its buzzing audible on some subject that was not exactly political. "We shall have you back again before long, I don't doubt. Men who can really do their work are too rare to be left long in the comfort of the benches below the gangway." This was very kindly said, and Phineas was flattered and comforted. He could not, however, make Lord Cantrip understand the whole truth. For him the dream of a life of politics was over for ever. He had tried it, and had succeeded beyond his utmost hopes; but, in spite of his success, the ground had crumbled to pieces beneath his feet, and he knew that he could never recover the niche in the world's gallery which he was now leaving.

That same afternoon he met Mr. Gresham in one of the passages leading to the House, and the Prime Minister put his arm through



that of our hero as they walked together into the lobby. "I am sorry that we are losing you," said Mr. Gresham.

"You may be sure that I am sorry to be so lost," said Phineas.

"These things will occur in political life," said the leader; "but I think that they seldom leave rancour behind them when the purpose is declared, and when the subject of disagreement is marked and understood. The defalcation which creates angry feeling is that which has to be endured without previous warning,—when a man votes against his party,—or a set of men, from private pique or from some cause which is never clear." Phineas, when he heard this, knew well how terribly this very man had been harassed, and driven nearly wild, by defalcation, exactly of that nature which he was attempting to describe. "No doubt you and Mr. Monk think you are right," continued Mr. Gresham.

"We have given strong evidence that we think so," said Phineas.

"We give up our places, and we are, both of us, very poor men."

"I think you are wrong, you know, not so much in your views on the question itself,—which, to tell the truth, I hardly understand as yet."

"We will endeavour to explain them."

"And will do so very clearly, no doubt. But I think that Mr. Monk was wrong in desiring, as a member of a Government, to force a measure which, whether good or bad, the Government as a body does not desire to initiate,—at any rate, just now."

"And therefore he resigned," said Phineas.

"Of course. But it seems to me that he failed to comprehend the only way in which a great party can act together, if it is to do any service in this country. Don't for a moment think that I am blaming him or you."

"I am nobody in this matter," said Phineas.

"I can assure you, Mr. Finn, that we have not regarded you in that light, and I hope that the time may come when we may be sitting together again on the same bench."

Neither on the Treasury bench nor on any other in that House was he to sit again after this fashion! That was the trouble which was crushing his spirit at this moment, and not the loss of his office! He knew that he could not venture to think of remaining in London as a member of Parliament with no other income than that which his father could allow him, even if he could again secure a seat in Parliament. When he had first been returned for Loughshane he had assured his friends that his duty as a member of the House of Commons would not be a bar to his practice in the Courts. He had now been five years a member, and had never once made an attempt at doing any part of a barrister's work. He had gone altogether into a different line of life, and had been most successful;—so successful that men told him, and women more frequently than men, that his

career had been a miracle of success. But there had been, as he had well known from the first, this drawback in the new profession which he had chosen, that nothing in it could be permanent. They who succeed in it, may probably succeed again; but then the success is intermittent, and there may be years of hard work in opposition, to which, unfortunately, no pay is assigned. It is almost imperative, as he now found, that they who devote themselves to such a profession should be men of fortune. When he had commenced his work,—at the period of his first return for Loughshane,—he had had no thought of mending his deficiency in this respect by a rich marriage. Nor had it ever occurred to him that he would seek a marriage for that purpose. Such an idea would have been thoroughly distasteful to him. There had been no stain of premeditated mercenary arrangement upon him at any time. But circumstances had so fallen out with him, that as he won his spurs in Parliament, as he became known, and was placed first in one office and then in another, prospects of love and money together were opened to him, and he ventured on, leaving Mr. Low and the law behind him,—because these prospects were so alluring. Then had come Mr. Monk and Mary Flood Jones, —and everything around him had collapsed.

Everything around him had collapsed,—with, however, a terrible temptation to him to inflate his sails again, at the cost of his truth and his honour. The temptation would have affected him not at all, had Madame Goesler been ugly, stupid, or personally disagreeable. But she was, he thought, the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, the most witty, and in many respects the most charming. She had offered to give him everything that she had, so to place him in the world that opposition would be more pleasant to him than office, to supply every want, and had done so in a manner that had gratified all his vanity. But he had refused it all, because he was bound to the girl at Floodborough. My readers will probably say that he was not a true man unless he could do this without a regret. When Phineas thought of it all, there were many regrets.

But there was at the same time a resolve on his part, that if any man had ever loved the girl he promised to love, he would love Mary Flood Jones. A thousand times he had told himself that she had not the spirit of Lady Laura, or the bright wit of Violet Effingham, or the beauty of Madame Goesler. But Mary had charms of her own that were more valuable than them all. Was there one among the three who had trusted him as she trusted him,—or loved him with the same satisfied devotion? There were regrets, regrets that were heavy on his heart;—for London, and Parliament, and the clubs, and Downing Street, had become dear to him. He liked to think of himself as he rode in the park, and was greeted by all those whose greeting was the most worth having. There were regrets,—sad regrets. But the girl whom he loved better than the parks and the clubs,—better even

than Westminster and Downing Street, should never know that they had existed.

These thoughts were running through his mind even while he was listening to Mr. Monk, as he propounded his theory of doing justice to Ireland. This might probably be the last great debate in which Phineas would be able to take a part, and he was determined that he would do his best in it. He did not intend to speak on this day, if, as was generally supposed, the House would be adjourned before a division could be obtained. But he would remain on the alert and see how the thing went. He had come to understand the forms of the place, and was as well-trained a young member of Parliament as any there. He had been quick at learning a lesson that is not easily learned, and knew how things were going, and what were the proper moments for this question or that form of motion. He could anticipate a count-out, understood the tone of men's minds, and could read the gestures of the House. It was very little likely that the debate should be over to-night. He knew that; and as the present time was the evening of Tuesday, he resolved at once that he would speak as early as he could on the following Thursday. What a pity it was, that with one who had learned so much, all his learning should be in vain!

At about two o'clock, he himself succeeded in moving the adjournment of the debate. This he did from a seat below the gangway, to which he had removed himself from the Treasury bench. Then the House was up, and he walked home with Mr. Monk. Mr. Monk, since he had been told positively by Phineas that he had resolved upon resigning his office, had said nothing more of his sorrow at his friend's resolve, but had used him as one political friend uses another, telling him all his thoughts and all his hopes as to this new measure of his, and taking counsel with him as to the way in which the fight should be fought. Together they had counted over the list of members, marking these men as supporters, those as opponents, and another set, now more important than either, as being doubtful. From day to day those who had been written down as doubtful were struck off that third list, and put in either the one or the other of those who were either supporters or opponents. And their different modes of argument were settled between these two allied orators, how one should take this line and the other that. To Mr. Monk this was very pleasant. He was quite assured now that opposition was more congenial to his spirit, and more fitting for him than office. There was no doubt to him as to his future sitting in Parliament, let the result of this contest be what it might. The work which he was now doing, was the work for which he had been training himself all his life. While he had been forced to attend Cabinet Councils from week to week, he had been depressed. Now he was exultant. Phineas seeing and understanding all this, said but little to his friend of his own

prospects. As long as this pleasant battle was raging, he could fight in it shoulder to shoulder with the man he loved. After that there would be a blank.

"I do not see how we are to fail to have a majority after Daubeny's speech to night," said Mr. Monk, as they walked together down Parliament Street through the bright moonlight.

"He expressly said that he only spoke for himself," said Phineas.

"But we know what that means. He is bidding for office, and of course those who want office with him will vote as he votes. We have already counted those who would go into office, but they will not carry the whole party."

"It will carry enough of them."

"There are forty or fifty men on his side of the House, and as many perhaps on ours," said Mr. Monk, "who have no idea of any kind on any bill, and who simply follow the bell, whether into this lobby or that. Argument never touches them. They do not even look to the result of a division on their own interests, as the making of any calculation would be laborious to them. Their party leader is to them a Pope whom they do not dream of doubting. I never can quite make up my mind whether it is good or bad that there should be such men in Parliament."

"Men who think much want to speak often," said Phineas.

"Exactly so,—and of speaking members, God knows that we have enough. And I suppose that these purblind sheep do have some occult weight that is salutary. They enable a leader to be a leader, and even in that way they are useful. We shall get a division on Thursday."

"I understand that Gresham has consented to that."

"So Ratler told me. Palliser is to speak, and Barrington Erle. And they say that Robson is going to make an onslaught specially on me. We shall get it over by one o'clock."

"And if we beat them?" asked Phineas.

"It will depend on the numbers. Everybody who has spoken to me about it, seems to think that they will dissolve if there be a respectable majority against them."

"Of course he will dissolve," said Phineas, speaking of Mr. Gresham ;  
"what else can he do?"

"He is very anxious to carry his Irish Reform Bill first, if he can do so. Good-night, Phineas. I shall not be down to-morrow as there is nothing to be done. Come to me on Thursday, and we will go to the House together."

On the Wednesday Phineas was engaged to dine with Mr. Low. There was a dinner party in Bedford Square, and Phineas met half-a-dozen barristers and their wives,—men to whom he had looked up as successful pundits in the law some five or six years ago, but who since that time had almost learned to look up to him. And now

they treated him with that courteousness of manner which success in life always begets. There was a judge there who was very civil to him; and the judge's wife whom he had taken down to dinner was very gracious to him. The judge had got his prize in life, and was therefore personally indifferent to the fate of ministers; but the judge's wife had a brother who wanted a County Court from Lord De Terrier, and it was known that Phineas was giving valuable assistance towards the attainment of this object. "I do think that you and Mr. Monk are so right," said the judge's wife. Phineas who understood how it came to pass that the judge's wife should so cordially approve his conduct, could not help thinking how grand a thing it would be for him to have a County Court for himself.

When the guests were gone he was left alone with Mr. and Mrs. Low, and remained awhile with them, there having been an understanding that they should have a last chat together over the affairs of our hero. "Do you really mean that you will not stand again?" asked Mrs. Low.

"I do mean it. I may say that I cannot do so. My father is hardly so well able to help me as he was when I began this game, and I certainly shall not ask him for money to support a canvass."

"It's a thousand pities," said Mrs. Low.

"I really had begun to think that you would make it answer," said Mr. Low.

"In one way I have made it answer. For the last three years I have lived upon what I have earned, and I am not in debt. But now I must begin the world again. I am afraid I shall find the drudgery very hard."

"It is hard no doubt," said the barrister, who had gone through it all, and was now reaping the fruits of it. "But I suppose you have not forgotten what you learned?"

"Who can say? I dare say I have. But I did not mean the drudgery of learning, so much as the drudgery of looking after work;—of expecting briefs which perhaps will never come. I am thirty years old now, you know."

"Are you indeed?" said Mrs. Low,—who knew his age to a day. "How the time passes. I'm sure I hope you'll get on, Mr. Finn. I do indeed."

"I am sure he will, if he puts his shoulder to it," said Mr. Low.

Neither the lawyer nor his wife repeated any of those sententious admonitions, which had almost become rebukes, and which had been so common in their mouths. The fall with which they had threatened Phineas Finn had come upon him, and they were too generous to remind him of their wisdom and sagacity. Indeed, when he got up to take his leave, Mrs. Low, who probably might not see him again for years, was quite affectionate in her manners to him, and looked as if she were almost minded to kiss him as she pressed his hand.

"We will come and see you," she said, "when you are Master of the Rolls in Dublin."

"We shall see him before that thundering at us poor Tories in the House," said Mr. Low. "He will be back again sooner or later." And so they parted.

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## CHAPTER LXXV.

P. P. C.

On the Thursday morning before Phineas went to Mr. Monk, a gentleman called upon him at his lodgings. Phineas requested the servant to bring up the gentleman's name, but tempted perhaps by a shilling the girl brought up the gentleman instead. It was Mr. Quintus Slide from the office of the "*Banner of the People*."

"Mr. Finn," said Quintus, with his hand extended, "I have come to offer you the calumet of peace." Phineas certainly desired no such calumet. But to refuse a man's hand is to declare active war after a fashion which men do not like to adopt except on deliberation. He had never cared a straw for the abuse which Mr. Slide had poured upon him, and now he gave his hand to the man of letters. But he did not sit down, nor did he offer a seat to Mr. Slide. "I know that as a man of sense who knows the world, you will accept the calumet of peace," continued Mr. Slide.

"I don't know why I should be asked particularly to accept war or peace," said Phineas.

"Well, Mr. Finn,—I don't often quote the Bible; but those who are not for us must be against us. You will agree to that. Now that you've freed yourself from the iniquities of that sink of abomination in Downing Street, I look upon you as a man again."

"Upon my word you are very kind."

"As a man and also a brother. I suppose you know that I've got the *Banner* into my own 'ands now." Phineas was obliged to explain that he had not hitherto been made acquainted with this great literary and political secret. "Oh dear, yes, altogether so. We've got rid of old Rusty as I used to call him. He wouldn't go the pace, and so we stripped him. He's doing the *West of England Art Journal* now, and he 'angs out down at Bristol."

"I hope he'll succeed, Mr. Slide."

"He'll earn his wages. He's a man who will always earn his wages, but nothing more. Well, now, Mr. Finn, I will just offer you one word of apology for our little severities."

"Pray do nothing of the kind."

"Indeed I shall. Dooty is dooty. There was some things printed which were a little rough, but if one isn't a little rough there ain't no flavour. Of course I wrote 'em. You know my 'and, I dare say."

"I only remember that there was some throwing of mud."

"Just so. But mud don't break any bones; does it? When you turned against us I had to be down on you, and I was down upon you;—that's just about all of it. Now you're coming among us again, and so I come to you with a calumet of peace."

"But I am not coming among you."

"Yes you are, Finn, and bringing Monk with you." It was now becoming very disagreeable, and Phineas was beginning to perceive that it would soon be his turn to say something rough. "Now I'll tell you what my proposition is. If you'll do us two leaders a week through the session, you shall have a cheque for £16 on the last day of every month. If that's not honest money than what you got in Downing Street, my name is not Quintus Slide."

"Mr. Slide," said Phineas,—and then he paused.

"If we are to come to business, drop the Mister. It makes things go so much easier."

"We are not to come to business, and I do not want things to go easy. I believe you said some things of me in your newspaper that were very scurrilous."

"What of that? If you mind that sort of thing——"

"I did not regard it in the least. You are quite welcome to continue it. I don't doubt but you will continue it. But you are not welcome to come here afterwards."

"Do you mean to turn me out."

"Just that. You printed a heap of lies——"

"Lies, Mr. Finn! Did you say lies, sir?"

"I said lies;—lies;—lies!" And Phineas walked over at him as though he were going to pitch him instantly out of the window. "You may go and write as many more as you like. It is your trade, and you must do it or starve. But do not come to me again." Then he opened the door and stood with it in his hand.

"Very well, sir. I shall know how to punish this."

"Exactly. But if you please you'll go and do your punishment at the office of the Banner,—unless you like to try it here. You want to kick me and spit at me, but you will prefer to do it in print."

"Yes, sir," said Quintus Slide. "I shall prefer to do it in print,—though I must own that the temptation to adopt the manual violence of a ruffian is great, very great, very great indeed." But he resisted the temptation and walked down the stairs, concocting his article as he went.

Mr. Quintus Slide did not so much impede the business of his day but what Phineas was with Mr. Monk by two, and in his place in the House when prayers were read at four. As he sat in his place, conscious of the work that was before him, listening to the presenta-

tion of petitions, and to the formal reading of certain notices of motions, which with the asking of sundry questions occupied over half an hour, he looked back and remembered accurately his own feelings on a certain night on which he had intended to get up and address the House. The ordeal before him had then been so terrible, that it had almost obliterated for the moment his senses of hearing and of sight. He had hardly been able to perceive what had been going on around him, and had vainly endeavoured to occupy himself in recalling to his memory the words which he wished to pronounce. When the time for pronouncing them had come, he had found himself unable to stand upon his legs. He smiled as he recalled all this in his memory, waiting impatiently for the moment in which he might rise. His audience was assured to him now, and he did not fear it. His opportunity for utterance was his own, and even the Speaker could not deprive him of it. During these minutes he thought not at all of the words that he was to say. He had prepared his matter but had prepared no words. He knew that words would come readily enough to him, and that he had learned the task of turning his thoughts quickly into language while standing with a crowd of listeners around him,—as a practised writer does when seated in his chair. There was no violent beating at his heart now, no dimness of the eyes, no feeling that the ground was turning round under his feet. If only those weary vain questions would get themselves all asked, so that he might rise and begin the work of the night. Then there came the last thought as the House was hushed for his rising. What was the good of it all, when he would never have an opportunity of speaking there again?

But not on that account would he be slack in his endeavour now. He would be listened to once at least, not as a subaltern of the Government but as the owner of a voice prominent in opposition to the Government. He had been taught by Mr. Monk that that was the one plan in the House in which a man with a power of speaking could really enjoy pleasure without alloy. He would make the trial,—once, if never again. Things had so gone with him that the rostrum was his own, and a House crammed to overflowing was there to listen to him. He had given up his place in order that he might be able to speak his mind, and had become aware that many intended to listen to him while he spoke. He had observed that the rows of strangers were thick in the galleries, that peers were standing in the passages, and that over the reporter's head, the ribbons of many ladies were to be seen through the bars of their cage. Yes;—for this once he would have an audience.

He spoke for about an hour, and while he was speaking he knew nothing about himself, whether he was doing it well or ill. Something of himself he did say soon after he had commenced,—not quite beginning with it, as though his mind had been laden with the



matter. He had, he said, found himself compelled to renounce his happy allegiance to the First Lord of the Treasury, and to quit the pleasant company in which, humble as had been his place, he had been allowed to sit and act, by his unfortunate conviction on this great subject. He had been told, he said, that it was a misfortune in itself for one so young as he to have convictions. But his Irish birth and Irish connection had brought this misfortune of his country so closely home to him that he had found the task of extricating himself from it to be impossible. Of what further he said, speaking on that terribly unintelligible subject, a tenant-right proposed for Irish farmers, no English reader will desire to know much. Irish subjects in the House of Commons are interesting or are dull, are debated before a crowded audience composed of all who are leaders in the great world of London, or before empty benches, in accordance with the importance of the moment and the character of the debate. For us now it is enough to know that to our hero was accorded that attention which orators love,—which will almost make an orator if it can be assured. A full House with a promise of big type on the next morning would wake to eloquence the propounder of a Canadian grievance, or the mover of an Indian budget.

Phineas did not stir out of the House till the division was over, having agreed with Mr. Monk that they two would remain through it all and hear everything that was to be said. Mr. Gresham had already spoken, and to Mr. Palliser was confided the task of winding up the argument for the Government. Mr. Robson spoke also, greatly enlivening the tedium of the evening, and to Mr. Monk was permitted the privilege of a final reply. At two o'clock the division came, and the Ministry were beaten by a majority of twenty-three. "And now," said Mr. Monk, as he again walked home with Phineas, "the pity is that we are not a bit nearer tenant-right than we were before."

"But we are nearer to it."

"In one sense, yes. Such a debate and such a majority will make men think. But no;—think is too high a word; as a rule men don't think. But it will make them believe that there is something in it. Many who before regarded legislation on the subject as chimerical, will now fancy that it is only dangerous, or perhaps not more than difficult. And so in time it will come to be looked on as among the things possible, then among the things probable;—and so at last it will be ranged in the list of those few measures which the country requires as being absolutely needed. That is the way in which public opinion is made."

"It is no loss of time," said Phineas, "to have taken the first great step in making it."

"The first great step was taken long ago," said Mr. Monk,—taken by men who were looked upon as revolutionary demagogues,

almost as traitors, because they took it. But it is a great thing to take any step that leads us onwards."

Two days after this Mr. Gresham declared his intention of dissolving the House because of the adverse division which had been produced by Mr. Monk's motion, but expressed a wish to be allowed to carry an Irish Reform Bill through Parliament before he did so. He explained how expedient this would be, but declared at the same time that if any strong opposition were made, he would abandon the project. His intention simply was to pass with regard to Ireland a measure which must be passed soon, and which ought to be passed before a new election took place. The bill was ready, and should be read for the first time on the next night, if the House were willing. The House was willing, though there was very many recalcitrant Irish members. The Irish members made loud opposition, and then twitted Mr. Gresham with his promise that he would not go on with his bill, if opposition were made. But, nevertheless, he did go on, and the measure was hurried through the two Houses in a week. Our hero who still sat for Loughshane, but who was never to sit for Loughshane again, gave what assistance he could to the Government, and voted for the measure which deprived Loughshane for ever of its parliamentary honours.

"And very dirty conduct I think it was," said Lord Tulla, when he discussed the subject with his agent. "After being put in for the borough twice, almost free of expense, it was very dirty." It never occurred to Lord Tulla that a member of Parliament might feel himself obliged to vote on such a subject in accordance with his judgment.

This Irish Reform Bill was scrambled through the two Houses, and then the session was over. The session was over, and they who knew anything of the private concerns of Mr. Phineas Finn were aware that he was about to return to Ireland, and did not intend to reappear on the scene which had known him so well for the last five years. "I cannot tell you how sad it makes me," said Mr. Monk.

"And it makes me sad too," said Phineas. "I try to shake off the melancholy, and tell myself from day to day that it is unmanly. But it gets the better of me just at present."

"I feel quite certain that you will come back among us again," said Mr. Monk.

"Everybody tells me so; and yet I feel quite certain that I shall never come back,—never come back with a seat in Parliament. As my old tutor, Low, has told me scores of times, I began at the wrong end. Here I am, thirty years of age, and I have not a shilling in the world, and I do not know how to earn one."

"Only for me you would still be receiving ever so much a year, and all would be pleasant," said Mr. Monk.

"But how long would it have lasted? The first moment that

Daubeny got the upper hand I should have fallen lower than I have fallen now. If not this year, it would have been the next. My only comfort is in this,—that I have done the thing myself, and have not been turned out." To the very last, however, Mr. Monk continued to express his opinion that Phineas would come back, declaring that he had known no instance of a young man who had made himself useful in Parliament, and then had been allowed to leave it in early life.

Among those of whom he was bound to take a special leave, the members of the family of Lord Brentford were, of course, the foremost. He had already heard of the reconciliation of Miss Effingham and Lord Chiltern, and was anxious to offer his congratulation to both of them. And it was essential to him that he should see Lady Laura. To her he wrote a line, saying how much he hoped that he should be able to bid her adieu, and a time was fixed for his coming at which she knew that she would meet him alone. But, as chance ruled it, he came upon the two lovers together, and then remembered that he had hardly ever before been in the same room with both of them at the same time.

"Oh, Mr. Finn, what a beautiful speech you made. I read every word of it," said Violet.

"And I didn't even look at it, old fellow," said Chiltern, getting up and putting his arm on the other's shoulder in a way that was common with him when he was quite intimate with the friend near him.

"Laura went down and heard it," said Violet. "I could not do that, because I was tied to my aunt. You can't conceive how dutiful I am during this last month."

"And is it to be in a month, Chiltern?" said Phineas.

"She says so. She arranges everything,—in concert with my father. When I threw up the sponge, I simply asked for a long day. 'A long day, my lord,' I said. But my father and Violet between them refused me any mercy."

"You do not believe him," said Violet.

"Not a word. If I did he would want to see me on the coast of Flanders again, I don't doubt. I have come to congratulate you both."

"Thank you, Mr. Finn," said Violet, taking his hand with hearty kindness. "I should not have been quite happy without one nice word from you."

"I shall try and make the best of it," said Chiltern. "But, I say, you'll come over and ride Bonebreaker again. He's down there at the Bull, and I've taken a little box close by. I can't stand the governor's county for hunting."

"And will your wife go down to Willingford?"

"Of course she will, and ride to hounds a great deal closer than I

can ever do. Mind you come, and if there's anything in the stable fit to carry you, you shall have it."

Then Phineas had to explain that he had come to bid them farewell, and that it was not at all probable that he should ever be able to see Willingford again in the hunting season. "I don't suppose that I shall make either of you quite understand it, but I have got to begin again. The chances are that I shall never see another fox-hound all my life."

"Not in Ireland!" exclaimed Lord Chiltern.

"Not unless I should have to examine one as a witness. I have nothing before me but downright hard work; and a great deal of that must be done before I can hope to earn a shilling."

"But you are so clever," said Violet. "Of course it will come quickly."

"I do not mean to be impatient about it, nor yet unhappy," said Phineas. "Only hunting won't be much in my line."

"And will you leave London altogether?" Violet asked.

"Altogether. I shall stick to one club,—Brookes's; but I shall take my name off all the others."

"What a deuce of a nuisance!" said Lord Chiltern.

"I have no doubt you will be very happy," said Violet; "and you'll be a Lord Chancellor in no time. But you won't go quite yet."

"Next Sunday."

"You will return. You must be here for our wedding;—indeed you must. I will not be married unless you do."

Even this, however, was impossible. He must go on Sunday, and must return no more. Then he made his little farewell speech, which he could not deliver without some awkward stuttering. He would think of her on the day of her marriage, and pray that she might be happy. And he would send her a little trifle before he went, which he hoped she would wear in remembrance of their old friendship.

"She shall wear it, whatever it is, or I'll know the reason why," said Chiltern.

"Hold your tongue, you rough bear!" said Violet. "Of course I'll wear it. And of course I'll think of the giver. I shall have many presents, but few that I will think of so much." Then Phineas left the room, with his throat so full that he could not speak another word.

"He is still broken-hearted about you," said the favoured lover as soon as his rival had left the room.

"It is not that," said Violet. "He is broken-hearted about everything. The whole world is vanishing away from him. I wish he could have made up his mind to marry that German woman with all the money." It must be understood, however, that Phineas had never spoken a word to any one as to the offer which the German woman had made to him.

It was on the morning of the Sunday on which he was to leave London that he saw Lady Laura. He had asked that it might be so, in order that he might then have nothing more upon his mind. He found her quite alone, and he could see by her eyes that she had been weeping. As he looked at her, remembering that it was not yet six years since he had first been allowed to enter that room, he could not but perceive how very much she was altered in appearance. Then she had been three-and-twenty, and had not looked to be a day older. Now she might have been taken to be nearly forty, so much had her troubles preyed upon her spirit, and eaten into the vitality of her youth. "So you have come to say good-bye," she said, smiling as she rose to meet him.

"Yes, Lady Laura ;—to say good-bye. Not for ever, I hope, but probably for long."

"No, not for ever. At any rate, we will not think so." Then she paused ; but he was silent, sitting with his hat dangling in his two hands, and his eyes fixed upon the floor. "Do you know, Mr. Finn," she continued, "that sometimes I am very angry with myself about you."

"Then it must be because you have been too kind to me."

"It is because I fear that I have done much to injure you. From the first day that I knew you,—do you remember, when we were talking here, in this very room, about the beginning of the Reform Bill ;—from that day I wished that you should come among us and be one of us."

"I have been with you, to my infinite satisfaction,—while it lasted."

"But it has not lasted, and now I fear that it has done you harm."

"Who can say whether it has been for good or evil ? But of this I am sure you will be certain,—that I am very grateful to you for all the goodness you have shown me." Then again he was silent.

She did not know what it was that she wanted, but she did desire some expression from his lips that should be warmer than an expression of gratitude. An expression of love,—of existing love,—she would have felt to be an insult, and would have treated it as such. Indeed, she knew that from him no such insult could come. But she was in that morbid, melancholy state of mind which requires the excitement of more than ordinary sympathy, even though that sympathy be all painful ; and I think that she would have been pleased had he referred to the passion for herself which he had once expressed. If he would have spoken of his love, and of her mistake, and have made some half-suggestion as to what might have been their lives had things gone differently,—though she would have rebuked him even for that,—still it would have comforted her. But at this moment, though he remembered much that had passed between them, he was not even thinking of the Braes of Linter. All that had

taken place four years ago;—and there had been so many other things since which had moved him even more than that! “You have heard what I have arranged for myself?” she said at last.

“Your father has told me that you are going to Dresden.”

“Yes;—he will accompany me,—coming home of course for Parliament. It is a sad break up, is it not? But the lawyer says that if I remain here I may be subject to very disagreeable attempts from Mr. Kennedy to force me to go back again. It is odd, is it not, that he should not understand how impossible it is.”

“He means to do his duty.”

“I believe so. But he becomes more stern every day to those who are with him. And then, why should I remain here? What is there to tempt me? As a woman separated from her husband I cannot take an interest in those things which used to charm me. I feel that I am crushed and quelled by my position, even though there is no disgrace in it.”

“No disgrace, certainly,” said Phineas.

“But I am nobody,—or worse than nobody.”

“And I also am going to be a nobody,” said Phineas, laughing.

“Ah; you are a man and will get over it, and you have many years before you will begin to be growing old. I am growing old already. Yes, I am. I feel it, and know it, and see it. A woman has a fine game to play; but then she is so easily bowled out, and the term allowed to her is so short.”

“A man’s allowance of time may be short too,” said Phineas.

“But he can try his hand again.” Then there was another pause. “I had thought, Mr. Finn, that you would have married,” she said in her very lowest voice.

“You knew all my hopes and fears about that.”

“I mean that you would have married Madame Goesler.”

“What made you think that, Lady Laura?”

“Because I saw that she liked you, and because such a marriage would have been so suitable. She has all that you want. You know what they say of her now?”

“What do they say?”

“That the Duke of Omnium offered to make her his wife, and that she refused him for your sake.”

“There is nothing that people won’t say;—nothing on earth,” said Phineas. Then he got up and took his leave of her. He also wanted to part from her with some special expression of affection, but he did not know how to choose his words. He had wished that some allusion should be made, not to the Braes of Linter, but to the close confidence which had so long existed between them; but he found that the language to do this properly was wanting to him. Had the opportunity arisen he would have told her now the whole story of Mary Flood Jones; but the opportunity did not come, and

he left her, never having mentioned the name of his Mary or having hinted at his engagement to any one of his friends in London. "It is better so," he said to himself. "My life in Ireland is to be a new life, and why should I mix two things together that will be so different."

He was to dine at his lodgings, and then leave them for good at eight o'clock. He had packed up everything before he went to Portman Square, and he returned home only just in time to sit down to his solitary mutton chop. But as he sat down he saw a small note addressed to himself lying on the table among the crowd of books, letters, and papers, of which he had still to make disposal. It was a very small note in an envelope of a peculiar tint of pink, and he knew the handwriting well. The blood mounted all over his face as he took it up, and he hesitated for a moment before he opened it. It could not be that the offer should be repeated to him. Slowly, hardly venturing at first to look at the enclosure, he opened it, and the words which it contained were as follows:—

"I learn that you are going to-day, and I write a word which you will receive just as you are departing. It is to say merely this,—that when I left you the other day I was angry, not with you, but with myself. Let me wish you all good wishes and that prosperity which I know you will deserve, and which I think you will win,

"Yours very truly,

"M. M. G.

"Sunday morning."

Should he put off his journey and go to her this very evening and claim her as his friend? The question was asked and answered in a moment. Of course he would not go to her. Were he to do so there would be only one possible word for him to say, and that word should certainly never be spoken. But he wrote to her a reply, shorter even than her own short note.

"Thanks, dear friend. I do not doubt but that you and I understand each other thoroughly, and that each trusts the other for good wishes and honest intentions.

"Always yours,

"P. F.

"I write these as I am starting."

When he had written this, he kept it till the last moment in his hand, thinking that he would not send it. But as he slipped into the cab, he gave the note to his late landlady to post.

At the station Bunce came to him to say a word of farewell, and Mrs. Bunce was on his arm.

"Well done, Mr. Finn, well done," said Bunce. "I always knew there was a good drop in you."

"You always told me I should ruin myself in Parliament, and so I have," said Phineas.

"Not at all. It takes a deal to ruin a man if he's got the right sperrit. I've better hopes of you now than ever I had in the old days when you used to be looking out for Government place;—and Mr. Monk has tried that too. I thought he would find the iron too heavy for him."

"God bless you, Mr. Finn," said Mrs. Bunce with her handkerchief up to her eyes. "There's not one of 'em I ever had as lodgers I've cared about half as much as I did for you." Then they shook hands with him through the window, and the train was off.

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## CHAPTER LXXVI.

### CONCLUSION.

WE are told that it is a bitter moment with the Lord Mayor when he leaves the Mansion House and becomes once more Alderman Jones, of No. 75, Bucklersbury. Lord Chancellors going out of office have a great fall though they take pensions with them for their consolation. And the President of the United States when he leaves the glory of the White House and once more becomes a simple citizen must feel the change severely. But our hero, Phineas Finn, as he turned his back upon the scene of his many successes, and prepared himself for permanent residence in his own country, was, I think, in a worse plight than any of the reduced divinities to whom I have alluded. They at any rate had known that their fall would come. He, like Icarus, had flown up towards the sun, hoping that his wings of wax would bear him steadily aloft among the gods. Seeing that his wings were wings of wax, we must acknowledge that they were very good. But the celestial lights had been too strong for them, and now, having lived for five years with lords and countesses, with ministers and orators, with beautiful women and men of fashion, he must start again in a little lodging in Dublin, and hope that the attorneys of that litigious city might be good to him. On his journey home he made but one resolution. He would make the change, or attempt to make it, with manly strength. During his last month in London he had allowed himself to be sad, depressed, and melancholy. There should be an end of all that now. Nobody at home should see that he was depressed. And Mary, his own Mary, should at any rate have no cause to think that her love and his own engagement had ever been the cause to him of depression. Did he not value her love more than anything in the world? A thousand times he told himself that he did.

She was there in the old house at Killaloe to greet him. Her engagement was an affair known to all the county, and she had no



idea that it would become her to be coy in her love. She was in his arms before he had spoken to his father and mother, and had made her little speech to him,—very inaudibly indeed,—while he was covering her sweet face with kisses. “Oh, Phineas, I am so proud of you; and I think you are so right, and I am so glad you have done it.” Again he covered her face with kisses. Could he ever have had such satisfaction as this had he allowed Madame Goesler’s hand to remain in his?

On the first night of his arrival he sat for an hour down-stairs with his father talking over his plans. He felt,—he could not but feel,—that he was not the hero now that he had been when he was last at Killaloe,—when he had come thither with a Cabinet Minister under his wing. And yet his father did his best to prevent the growth of any such feeling. The old doctor was not quite as well off as he had been when Phineas first started with his high hopes for London. Since that day he had abandoned his profession and was now living on the fruits of his life’s labour. For the last two years he had been absolved from the necessity of providing an income for his son, and had probably allowed himself to feel that no such demand upon him would again be made. Now, however, it was necessary that he should do so. Could his son manage to live on two hundred a-year? There would then be four hundred a-year left for the wants of the family at home. Phineas swore that he could fight his battle on a hundred and fifty, and they ended the argument by splitting the difference. He had been paying exactly the same sum of money for the rooms he had just left in London; but then, while he held those rooms, his income had been two thousand a-year. Tenant-right was a very fine thing, but could it be worth such a fall as this?

“And about dear Mary?” said the father.

“I hope it may not be very long,” said Phineas.

“I have not spoken to her about it, but your mother says that Mrs. Flood Jones is very averse to a long engagement.”

“What can I do? She would not wish me to marry her daughter with no other income than an allowance made by you.”

“Your mother says that she has some idea that you and she might live together;—that if they let Floodborough you might take a small house in Dublin. Remember, Phineas, I am not proposing it myself.”

Then Phineas bethought himself that he was not even yet so low in the world that he need submit himself to terms dictated to him by Mrs. Flood Jones. “I am glad that you do not propose it, sir.”

“Why so, Phineas?”

“Because I should have been obliged to oppose the plan even if it had come from you. Mothers-in-law are never a comfort in a house.”

“I never tried it myself,” said the doctor.

"And I never will try it. I am quite sure that Mary does not expect any such thing, and that she is willing to wait. If I can shorten the term of waiting by hard work, I will do so." The decision to which Phineas had come on this matter was probably made known to Mrs. Flood Jones after some mild fashion by old Mrs. Finn. Nothing more was said to Phineas about a joint household; but he was quite able to perceive from the manner of the lady towards him that his proposed mother-in-law wished him to understand that he was treating her daughter very badly. What did it signify? None of them knew the story of Madame Goesler, and of course none of them would know it. None of them would ever hear how well he had behaved to his little Mary.

But Mary did know it all before he left her to go up to Dublin. The two lovers allowed themselves,—or were allowed by their elders, one week of exquisite bliss together; and during this week, Phineas told her, I think, everything. He told her everything as far as he could do so without seeming to boast of his own successes. How is a man not to tell such tales when he has on his arm, close to him, a girl who tells him her little everything of life, and only asks for his confidence in return. And then his secrets are so precious to her and so sacred, that he feels as sure of her fidelity as though she were a very goddess of faith and trust. And the temptation to tell is so great. For all that he has to tell she loves him the better and still the better. A man desires to win a virgin heart, and is happy to know,—or at least to believe,—that he has won it. With a woman every former rival is an added victim to the wheels of the triumphant chariot in which she is sitting. "All these has he known and loved, culling sweets from each of them. But now he has come to me, and I am the sweetest of them all." And so Mary was taught to believe of Laura and of Violet and of Madame Goesler,—that though they had had charms to please, her lover had never been so charmed as he was now while she was hanging to his breast. And I think that she was right in her belief. During those lovely summer evening walks along the shores of Lough Derg, Phineas was as happy as he had ever been at any moment of his life.

"I shall never be impatient,—never," she said to him on the last evening. "All I want is that you should write to me."

"I shall want more than that, Mary."

"Then you must come down and see me. When you do come they will be happy, happy days for me. But of course we cannot be married for the next twenty years."

"Say forty, Mary."

"I will say anything that you like;—you will know what I mean just as well. And, Phineas, I must tell you one thing,—though it makes me sad to think of it, and will make me sad to speak of it."

"I will not have you sad on our last night, Mary."

"I must say it. I am beginning to understand how much you have given up for me."

"I have given up nothing for you."

"If I had not been at Killaloe when Mr. Monk was here, and if we had not,—had not,—oh dear, if I had not loved you so very much, you might have remained in London, and that lady would have been your wife."

"Never!" said Phineas stoutly.

"Would she not? She must not be your wife now, Phineas. I am not going to pretend that I will give you up."

"That is unkind, Mary."

"Oh, well; you may say what you please. If that is unkind, I am unkind. It would kill me to lose you."

Had he done right? How could there be a doubt about it? How could there be a question about it? Which of them had loved him, or was capable of loving him as Mary loved him? What girl was ever so sweet, so gracious, so angelic, as his own Mary? He swore to her that he was prouder of winning her than of anything he had ever done in all his life, and that of all the treasures that had ever come in his way she was the most precious. She went to bed that night the happiest girl in all Connaught, although when she parted from him she understood that she was not to see him again till Christmas-Eve.

But she did see him again before the summer was over, and the manner of their meeting was in this wise. Immediately after the passing of that scrambled Irish Reform Bill, Parliament, as the reader knows, was dissolved. This was in the early days of June, and before the end of July the new members were again assembled at Westminster. This session, late in summer, was very terrible; but it was not very long, and then it was essentially necessary. There was something of the year's business which must yet be done, and the country would require to know who were to be the Ministers of the Government. It is not needed that the reader should be troubled any further with the strategy of one political leader or of another, or that more should be said of Mr. Monk and his tenant-right. The House of Commons had offended Mr. Gresham by voting in a majority against him, and Mr. Gresham had punished the House of Commons by subjecting it to the expense and nuisance of a new election. All this is constitutional, and rational enough to Englishmen, though it may be unintelligible to strangers. The upshot on the present occasion was that the Ministers remained in their places and that Mr. Monk's bill, though it had received the substantial honour of a second reading, passed away for the present into the limbo of abortive legislation.

All this would not concern us at all, nor our poor hero much, were it not that the great men with whom he had been for two years

so pleasant a colleague, remembered him with something of affectionate regret. Whether it began with Mr. Gresham or with Lord Cantrip, I will not say;—or whether Mr. Monk, though now a political enemy, may have said a word that brought about the good deed. Be that as it may, just before the summer session was brought to a close Phineas received the following letter from Lord Cantrip:—

“Downing Street, August 4, 186—.

“MY DEAR MR. FINN,—

“Mr Gresham has been talking to me, and we both think that possibly a permanent Government appointment may be acceptable to you. We have no doubt, that should this be the case, your services would be very valuable to the country. There is a vacancy for a poor-law inspector at present in Ireland, whose residence I believe should be in Cork. The salary is a thousand a-year. Should the appointment suit you, Mr. Gresham will be most happy to nominate you to the office. Let me have a line at your early convenience.

“Believe me,

“Most sincerely yours,

“CANTRIP.”

He received the letter one morning in Dublin, and within three hours he was on his route to Killaloe. Of course he would accept the appointment, but he would not even do that without telling Mary of his new prospect. Of course he would accept the appointment. Though he had been as yet barely two months in Dublin, though he had hardly been long enough settled to his work to have hoped to be able to see in which way there might be a vista open leading to success, still he had fancied that he had seen that success was impossible. He did not know how to begin,—and men were afraid of him, thinking that he was unsteady, arrogant, and prone to failure. He had not seen his way to the possibility of a guinea.

“A thousand a-year!” said Mary Flood Jones, opening her eyes wide with wonder at the golden future before them.

“It is nothing very great for a perpetuity,” said Phineas.

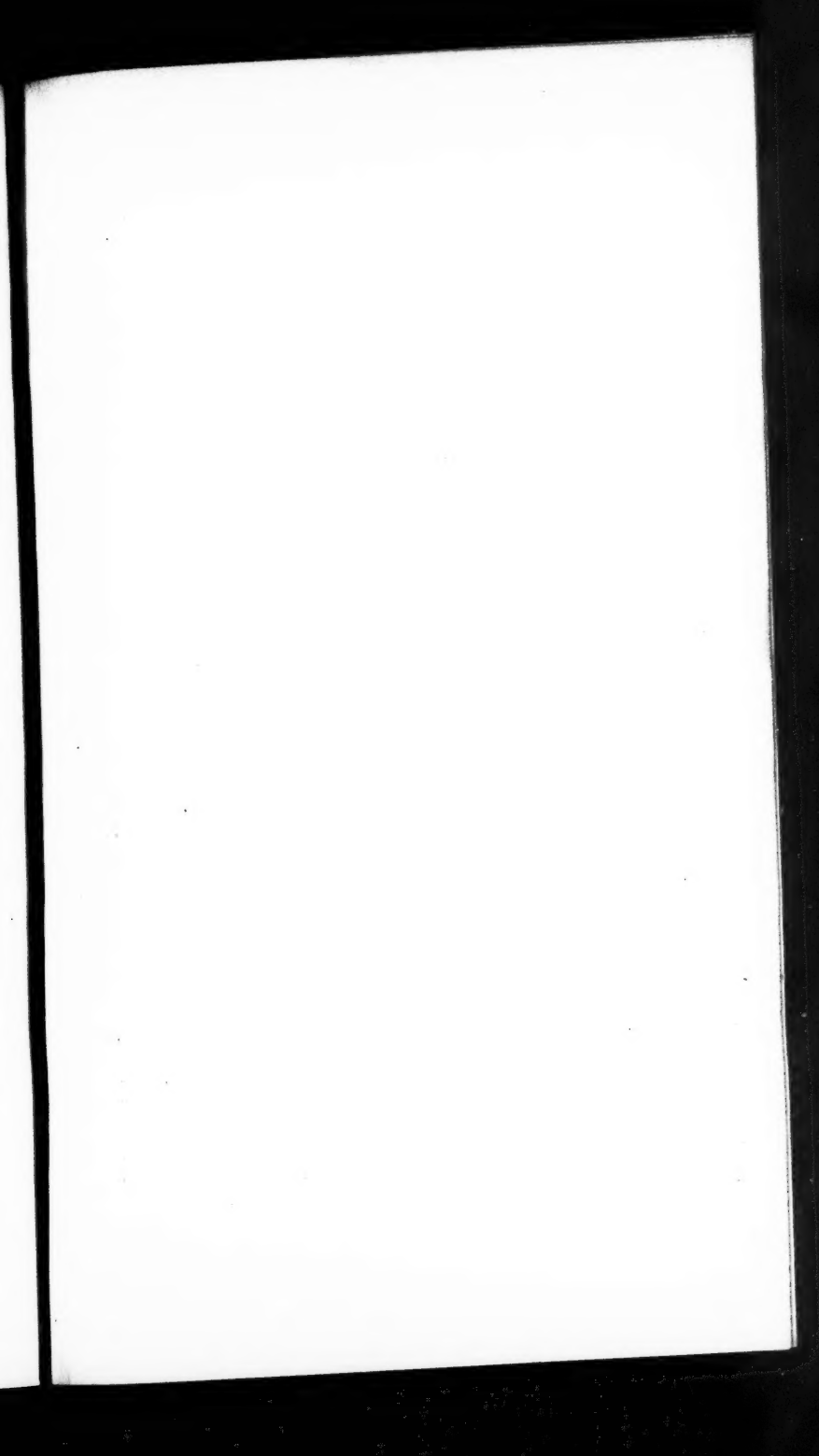
“Oh, Phineas; surely a thousand a-year will be very nice.”

“It will be certain,” said Phineas, “and then we can be married to-morrow.”

“But I have been making up my mind to wait ever so long,” said Mary.

“Then your mind must be unmade,” said Phineas.

What was the nature of the reply to Lord Cantrip the reader may imagine, and thus we will leave our hero an Inspector of Poor Houses in the County of Cork.





He was lying stretched out on his back—handsome, lazy, and contented.